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### PRESENT STATE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

From the *Literary Gazette*.

**I**N one of the last year's numbers of a foreign journal, *La Bibliotheque Universelle*, we have met with a view of the present state of English Literature, which on the whole gives a pretty impartial review of our literature for the last twenty years, and names many of our most distinguished writers in the different departments of learning.

The author is of opinion that the English manners, particularly the exclusion of the women from general society, prevents the literati from adding to their solid learning a refined and delicate taste. Every requisite for this was found in the highest possible degree in Paris before the revolution. The English, who rivalled the French in the sciences, found them the only school in which they could modify and soften the peculiarities arising from their character, their manners, their insular situation, their independence, and their favorite recreations, play, and the table.

The English having been cut off during a twenty years' war from all communication with the civilized world, except such as arose from increasing commerce and great military operations, the natural consequence was, that the richer classes having no more any opportunity of neutralising their habits in a foreign country, the national defects took deeper root, and the literary productions

which depend on the imagination, and one of whose chief merits is to harmonize with the tone of society, savour more and more of their native soil. The observations of the author respecting the state of society and manners in England seem to us to be more applicable to things as they were five and twenty years ago, than as they are now. The article concludes in the following manner :

“ If we must lament that certain exaggerated opinions gain ground in England, of which Methodism is a proof, the generous sacrifices of some societies which are animated with an ardent zeal to extend what is good, must on the other hand afford the more lively satisfaction. It cannot be denied that gold is the idol of this people, that their luxury and vanity are without bounds, that the higher classes set the example of immorality, and in general that one finds in England all the vices which are perhaps inseparable from excess of refinement. But on the other hand we may add to our consolation, that there is no country where the virtues which tend to alleviate natural evils and the sufferings of society, are so general, and practised with such judicious activity.

“ While political fanaticism and war deluged Europe with blood, the English were improving all the means of alleviating the sufferings of their fellow creatures, and spreading among them the

knowledge of the truth. Thus they improved upon the principles of Howard, the management of the hospitals and prisons : they acquainted Europe with the discovery of the immortal Jenner ; they abolished the slave-trade, and introduced civilization into Africa ; they established societies for the relief of foreigners in distress ; they spread the light of knowledge over distant countries, by making them acquainted with our sacred writings ; they discovered, and taught to the rest of the world, that simplified and easy method of elementary instruction, the object of which is to raise to the dignity of man millions of individuals whom fortune has condemned to ignorance. In general, a universal spirit of beneficence, respect for misfortune, emulation in works of charity, predominated among this same people, whose spirit was exalted by the sense of its independence and its strength, which had made itself master of the commerce of the world, and of the sovereignty of the seas. It seems that England, while it was destined to unite the rest of Europe in a common exertion of its strength, and to give to the enemy of social order the last decisive blow, was selected by heaven for the noble vocation of preserving the sacred flame of virtue, and the example of those tender relations which beneficence establishes among mankind."

## ZUMA.

BY MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS. (CONCLUDED.)

From the Literary Gazette.

ZUMA OU LA DECOUVERTE DU QUINQUINA, SUIVA DE LA BELLE PAULE, DE ZENEIDE, DES ROSEAUX DU TIBRE, &c. &c. PAR MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

**Z**UMA was conveyed to her chamber. The Count and Beatrice deemed it prudent to conceal this supposed crime from the knowledge of the Vice-Queen ; she, said the Count, will sue for mercy on this wretch, whom no consideration on earth can induce me to pardon ; there must be an example, and I am resolved to make one. It was soon proclaimed through the palace and the city, that Zuma had been detected in an attempt to poison the Vice-Queen. That very evening she was delivered into the hands of justice and conveyed to prison. Mirvan hastened in search of Azan and Thamir : the hand of death was already on his heart, and he could utter only the following words : " My son is in your power. At least promise, on condition that we keep this secret inviolably, that after our death, you will restore the child to my father."—" We swear to do so," answered Azan, " but you are well aware, that his life must be the forfeit of the least indiscretion."—" We know how to die," replied Mirvan. With these words he quitted the ferocious Indian, and voluntarily committed himself to prison. He could easily guess the act which Zuma had attempted, but to explain it and justify her, would have been to abandon his child to the rage of the ferocious

Azan : he therefore resolved to die with his wretched wife.

At break of day, the council assembled to examine and pass sentence on Mirvan and Zuma. The doors of the court were thrown open, and the Indians were permitted to enter ; they assembled in great numbers, headed by their secret chiefs, Ximeo, Azan, and Thamir. Mirvan and Zuma were brought in loaded with chains. The latter, on beholding her husband, exclaimed with vehemence, " he is not guilty, he had no share in what I did, he was ignorant of my design" . . . " Zuma," interrupted Mirvan, " your death is certain, how then can you think of defending my life ? . . . I am not accused, I voluntarily share your fate . . . Zuma, let us die *in silence*, let us die with courage, and our child will still live" . . . Zuma understood the real meaning of these words, she made no reply, but her face was bathed in tears. The examination then commenced.

Zuma was unable to deny the facts to which Beatrice and the Viceroy had been witnesses. She was asked from whom she had obtained the powder. " She received it from me," exclaimed Mirvan. Zuma denied this, still protesting that her husband was entirely ignorant of her designs. " And what were



your designs?" enquired the Judge.— "Did you not intend to poison the Vice-Queen? Why else did you make use of this powder? Did you fancy that you were employing a salutary remedy?" . . . . At this question, Zuma trembled; her eyes, at this moment, met those of the cruel Azan, his threatening glance filled her with horror, she fancied she beheld him strangling her child. "No, no," she exclaimed, in a distracted tone, "I know of no salutary remedy."—"It was poison, then? . . . . You confess it?"—"I confess nothing."—"Answer then."—"Alas! I am compelled to be silent." At these words, Ximeo advanced and placed himself between Mirvan and Zuma; "let me likewise be chained," said he, "I will die along with them." "Oh my father! live for our child's sake!" they exclaimed with one voice. But Ximeo persisted.

The Judges had been directed neither to employ torture nor to make any enquiry respecting accomplices; they removed Ximeo, and Mirvan and Zuma were conveyed back to prison. The Countess's physician appeared, and was examined. He declared that the illness of the Vice-Queen having baffled the most efficacious remedies, and being accompanied by extraordinary symptoms, horrible suspicions at length arose in his mind, and that the action in which Zuma had been detected, leaving no room to doubt the atrocity of her design, had confirmed him in an idea which he had long endeavoured to repel; that finally he no longer doubted that this perverse slave had administered a slow poison to the Vice-Queen, and that finding herself excluded from the service of the chamber, and fearing lest the youth of the Countess, and the attention which was devoted to her, might in course of time overcome the effects of a poison, which had been sparingly administered, she intended to consummate her crime by a powerful dose. At this detail, the Judges were nearly petrified with horror; they collected the votes and condemned Mirvan and Zuma to perish amidst the flames of a pile, that very day at noon. They were again brought into the court. Mirvan heard his sentence with heroic firmness. Zuma, bathed in tears, threw

herself at his feet: I have sacrificed you, she exclaimed, that thought fills me with remorse, dare I hope for your forgiveness! . . . . Let us not accuse our Judges of cruelty, he replied, the tyrants who condemn us, deliver us from a horrible yoke; a few hours will free us from the bonds of slavery! . . . . These words moved the obdurate heart of Azan himself: Mirvan, said he, be not concerned for the fate of your son, he shall be as dear to me as if he were my own.

It was now nine in the morning, and orders were given for erecting the fatal pile.

The Vice-queen was dying; the Physician announced to the Viceroy that every hope had vanished, that it was impossible she could support three more fits of fever, and that six or seven days, at most, would terminate her existence. The Count, in a paroxysm of despair, could entertain no thought of mercy: besides, regarding Zuma as the most execrable monster that nature had ever produced, he was divested of all feeling of compassion for her. He gave orders that a pardon should be offered to Mirvan, on condition of his making a sincere confession of his crime. "Tell the Viceroy," answered Mirvan, "that even though he promised me the life of Zuma, he should never draw from me another syllable."

The Viceroy did not wish to be in Lima during this dreadful execution. He therefore departed for one of his pleasure-houses, situated about half a league from the city, intending not to return until the evening.

The wretched Ximeo vainly devised a thousand different projects, all tending to save Mirvan and Zuma; he anxiously wished to assemble his friends, but during the whole of the morning, the Indians were so closely watched, that he found no possibility of secretly conversing with Azan and Thamir. A proclamation was issued ordering all the Indians in Lima to attend the execution. They were without arms; the Spanish guard was doubled and ranged round the pile; in addition to this, the unfortunate victims were escorted by two hundred soldiers. Ximeo found himself compelled to submit to his fate, he was

overwhelmed with despair, and resolved to throw himself on the pile with his children.

Whilst the whole city, filled with consternation, awaited this dreadful spectacle, the vice-queen, still ignorant of the tragical event, was stretched upon her bed of sickness, weaker and more afflicted than ever. Since six in the morning all her attendants had evinced the utmost agitation. This at length attracted the notice of the Countess ; she made enquiries, and plainly perceived that Beatrice wished to conceal something from her, and that she imposed silence on the rest of her women. Beatrice frequently quitted the apartment, that she might without constraint give vent to her sorrow. In one of these moments, the Countess strictly questioned one of her maids, and so imperatively enjoined her to tell the truth, that the girl informed her of all, and added, that Mirvan and Zuma far from denying the imputation laid to their charge, had gloried in their crime. The surprise of the Countess was equal to the horror with which she was inspired by this dreadful communication. "Oh supreme Mercy !" she exclaimed, "I can now invoke thee with more confidence than ever." . . . . She immediately ordered her servants to prepare an open litter, and with the assistance of her women she rose, and was dressed in a loose robe of muslin. In spite of the tears and entreaties of the Spanish ladies and Beatrice, the Countess threw herself upon the litter which was borne by four slaves, a fifth carrying over her head a large parasol of taffety : in this manner, with her face concealed by a long white veil, she departed . . . . Twelve o'clock struck ! . . . . At this moment Mirvan and Zuma on foot, loaded with chains, quitted their prison to undergo the execution of their sentence. Zuma, who was scarcely able to support herself, rested on the arm of a priest, and was guarded by two soldiers ; immense crowds had collected to see them. Amidst the multitude, she perceived Azan, bearing her child in his arms, and making an effort to attract her observation. At this sight she uttered a piercing shriek, a maternal shriek which vibrated through every heart . . . . but

collecting her strength, that she might once again embrace the adored child, she disengaged herself from the hands of the priest and the soldiers, and darted towards Azan . . . . . Azan placed the child on the palpitating bosom of Zuma. The wretched mother, amidst a torrent of tears, gave her child the last maternal kiss. "Zuma," said Azan, in a low tone of voice, "summon all your courage ; recollect that your death is in itself a revenge, and that it will serve to render our secret the more inviolable" . . . . . "Oh ! I wish for no revenge," answered Zuma. "Alas ! were it possible to save the Vice-queen !" . . . . . She could not utter more, the soldiers came to lead her away ; the hand of death was upon her when they tore her from her child ; and at that terrible moment she seemed to be offering up the sacrifice of her life . . . .

The procession advanced ; they were scarcely three hundred paces from the place of execution. At this moment a mournful trumpet announced the approach of the victims, the resinous wood which formed the top of the pile was kindled. . . . . They entered an alley of plane trees, at the end of which they beheld the fatal spot, and the flames which seemed to mingle with the clouds. At this terrible spectacle Zuma shrunk back with horror ; at that moment she was delivered from the torment of thinking on her husband and her child ; stupor succeeded to sensibility, and the idea of her approaching destruction now wholly occupied her mind ; she saw before her inevitable death, and death under the most horribly threatening aspect ! . . . . Her strength failed her ; the frozen blood no longer circulated in her veins ; her face was tinged with mortal paleness ; and, though not in a state of total unconsciousness, she sunk into the arms of the priest, who, notwithstanding her repeated but vague protestations, still exhorted her to repentance ! . . . . Zuma, said Mirvan, our suffering will not be of long duration ; behold those whirlwinds of smoke we shall be suffocated in a few moments ! . . . . Ah ! replied Zuma, in a voice scarcely audible, I see nothing but fire . . . . nothing but flame. . . . They advanced. . . . Every step which brought



Zuma nearer to her death, augmented her unconquerable terror!... The Indians had already ranged themselves round the pile in sad consternation; they all held in their hands a branch of cypress, as an emblem of mourning; they were surrounded by Spanish Guards.... A noise was suddenly heard at some distance, a horseman at full gallop appeared within view, exclaiming, "Hold, hold, by order of the Vice-queen, she is approaching."... At these words all were struck motionless; Zuma folded her hands and sent forth a supplication to heaven; but her soul weighed down by terror was not yet penetrated by the faintest gleam of hope!... At length the litter of the Vice-queen was perceived, she urged her slaves to advance with the utmost speed, and she quickly reached the fatal spot: the Spanish Guards ranged themselves round the Vice-queen and the Indians formed a semi-circle before her: the Countess then raised her veil and discovered a pale and languishing countenance, but full of grace and gentleness, and which was itself a speaking emblem of mercy!... I do not possess, said she, the happy right of granting pardon, but it is a favour which I am certain of obtaining from the goodness of the Viceroy. In the meanwhile I take under my protection and safeguard these two unfortunate creatures; let their chains be taken off, extinguish without delay this terrific pile which should never have been kindled, had I been sooner informed of the event.... At these words the Indians threw down their branches of cypress, and the air resounded with reiterated cries of *Long live the Vice-queen!*... Ximeo rushed forward, exclaiming, *Yes, she shall live!*... Zuma threw herself on her knees, Almighty God, she said, finish the work Thou hast begun!... The Vice-queen signified her wish that Mirvan and Zuma should follow her; she caused them to be placed near her litter, and in this manner returned to the palace, followed by an immense multitude who enthusiastically invoked blessings on her clemency and goodness. Having arrived at the palace she threw herself on her bed, and expressed a desire that Mirvan and Zuma should enter her apartment; they did so, and placed themselves at her bedside. Owing to the agitation, fatigue and distress of mind, which the Countess had undergone, her strength was so completely exhausted, that she fancied herself to be bordering on the last moments of her existence!... She stretched forth one hand to Mirvan and the other to Zuma, who bathed in tears, fell on her knees, to receive it!... Beatrice could no longer support this scene, and she entreated the Countess to suffer the two Indians to be removed, under guard, to an adjoining chamber. No, no, said the Vice-queen, I will answer for them here, and will do so before the Supreme Arbiter by whom we shall all be judged!... Oh! leave them here, they are sent to open for me the gates of heaven!... Great God! said Beatrice, must I see you in the hands of the monsters who have poisoned you? Where can I be better at this moment? replied the Vice-queen:... On the bosom of friendship my mind is overwhelmed with superfluous regret.... but these trembling hands which I press within my own, fortify my courage; the very sight of these unfortunate beings, diffuses calmness and confidence through my soul!... Oh my benefactress, said Zuma, suffocated with grief, should heaven frustrate my only hope, it will then be seen whether or not the wretched Zuma loved you! No, I never can survive you!... At these words Beatrice shuddered. Detestable hypocrisy! she exclaimed.... Do not insult them, said the Countess, they repent; see, they shed tears!... Ah! Zuma, pursued she, you, whose gentle figure bespoke a celestial soul!... You whom I have so dearly loved!... how can I entertain the slightest resentment against you?... I look upon you both as the instruments of my eternal happiness; I forgive you with a willing heart; may you return to the consolations of religion with equal sincerity.... Zuma, almost driven to distraction, was about to speak, and perhaps to reveal a part of the secret which weighed a thousand times more heavily on her mind, than if she had only had her own life to defend; but Mirvan interrupted her: Zuma, said he, let us be silent! the voice of the Countess will

bring down the truth from heaven ! Let us place our trust in the God whom she invokes ! He will save her precious life and will justify us ! . . . These words were pronounced in so sincere a tone and with so solemn an air, that they made a powerful impression, even on Beatrice. The Vice-queen wished to interrogate Mirvan, but in vain ; he entreated that she would question him no further, and for two hours maintained the most obstinate silence.

The Vice-queen, before proceeding to the pile to save Zuma, had dispatched a messenger to the Count to hasten his return to the palace ; she every moment expected him, and was astonished that he had not yet arrived. She was about to send off another courier, when an extraordinary clamour was heard throughout the palace. Beatrice quitted the Countess's chamber to enquire the cause of the agitation ; a moment after the Countess distinguished the voice of the Viceroy, she ordered the door to be thrown open, and exclaimed, " My Lord, I entreat your pardon for the guilt." . . . They are your deliverers ! replied the Viceroy, entering the apartment. All were petrified with amazement. The Viceroy held a lovely boy in his arms. Zuma uttered a shriek of joy ; it was her child. The viceroy rushed forward, placed the child upon her bosom, and prostrated himself at her feet. . . . Ximeo followed him, he advanced, and addressing himself to Mirvan : You may now speak, said he, with the consent of all the Indians : the secret is revealed, we have all tasted the powder in the presence of the Viceroy ; he himself insisted on partaking of it before he brought it here. . . . At these words, Zuma transported, almost drowned in tears, strained her child within her arms, and returned thanks to Heaven. Mirvan embraced his father, the Vice-queen asked a thousand questions in a breath ; the Count briefly related all that the Indians had revealed to him. Great Heaven ! exclaimed the Countess, throwing her arms round the neck of Zuma, this angelic creature would have laid down her life to save me, and she was on the verge of being sacrificed ! . . . In the performance of so sublime an ac-

tion she was accused of an atrocious crime ! . . . And the fears of this heroic couple for the preservation of their child, added the Viceroy, made them endure with unconquerable firmness, shame, ignominy and the aspect of a terrible death ! . . . Ah ! said Zuma, the Vice-queen has done still more ! Though she believed us to be monsters of ingratitude and atrocity, and the authors of all her suffering, yet she protected and delivered us, and with what kindness, what generosity ! . . . She, as well as yourselves, replied the Viceroy, will now receive the reward due to virtue. . . . Here are two doses of the blessed powder, the one for Zuma and the other for the Vice-queen. . . . So saying, the Count himself poured the Quinquina into two separate cups ; Zuma drank first, and the Vice-queen wished to receive the salutary beverage from her hand. All present were melted into tears ; the Vice-queen, already revived by the double influence of joy and hope, received with transport the tender embraces of her husband, Beatrice and the happy Zuma ; she raised Zuma's child to her pillow, and loaded him with the tenderest caresses ; she promised to be thenceforth his second mother. Beatrice and the rest of the Spanish ladies surrounded Zuma ; they gazed upon her with admiration. Beatrice, in a fit of transport, kissed her hand, that beneficent hand which she had accused of having committed an execrable crime ! . . . In the midst of this enthusiasm, the Viceroy took Mirvan and Zuma by the hand, he opened a window and led them out on a balcony overlooking the principal street in the city, which was at that time filled with Spaniards and Indians. " Here," said he, pointing to Mirvan and Zuma, " here are the voluntary victims of gratitude, generous sentiment and the sanctity of oaths ! . . . Indians, their sublime virtues and those of the Vice-queen have led you to abjure a hatred formerly too pardonable, but now unjust ! you have, by an unanimous wish, freed yourselves from the cruel oath formed by revenge ; instead of our secret enemies you have become the benefactors of the old world ! To render you happy will henceforth be not merely the duty of humanity but of gratitude ;



and that duty shall be fulfilled. Indians, all who in this memorable assembly have come to sacrifice feelings of resentment, to admiration and gentle pity, Indians, you are free ; such sentiments place you on a footing of equality with your conquerors ! Enjoy this glory, virtue has effected your liberation ! . . . Love your sovereign and serve him with fidelity : let the *tree of health* flourish on the land which will be distributed among you : reflect when you cultivate it, that the whole universe is indebted to you for this blessing of the Creator !” . . . This address excited universal enthusiasm, and the Viceroy wishing to terminate the day by the triumph of Zuma, gave orders that she should be attired in a magnificent dress : a crown of laurel was placed upon her head, and she was seated on a superb chair of state ; all the ladies of the court of the Vice-queen, placed themselves in her suite ; she was attended by the Vice-queen’s guard of honour ; a herald on horseback preceded the retinue, pronouncing the following words : “ *Behold Zuma, the wife of the virtuous Mirvan, and the preserver of the Vice-queen.*” Zuma, reclined on cushions of cloth of gold, pressed her child to her bosom, and carried in one hand a branch of the *tree of health*. In this way she proceeded through the principal streets of Lima, amidst the acclamations of the people who assembled in crowds to see her and to overwhelm her with benedictions. On Zuma’s return to the palace the Vice-queen received her with open arms. She was then conducted to an elegant suite of apartments prepared expressly for her and her husband ; servants were appointed to attend on them, and they were thenceforward to be regarded as the most intimate and dearest friends of the Vice-queen. In the evening the city and all the court-yards of the palace were illuminated, and in the gardens tables were laid out with sumptuous refreshments for the Indians.

The Vice-queen and Zuma were quickly freed from every remaining trace of fever ; at the termination of a week the Vice-queen was in a perfect state of convalescence. On the same spot where the fatal pile had excited such a sensation of horror, the Viceroy erected an obelisk

of white marble on which the following words were engraven in characters of gold:

*To Zuma, the Friend and Preserver of the Vice-queen, and Benefactress of the Old World.*

On each side of this obelisk a *tree of health* was planted, that blessed tree, sanctified by so many virtues, and which, among the Indians, afterwards became the emblem of every virtue which does honour to humanity. The Viceroy lost no time in sending to Europe the precious powder of the Quinquina, which was long known by the name of the *Countess’s powder*,\* but which in Latin still preserves its original name.

Fortune and honours never inspired with pride the generous and sensible Zuma ; she was always passionately beloved by the Vice-queen, and her own virtues always rendered her worthy of her glory and happiness.

[Having translated the whole of this interesting Tale, we trust to the gratification of our readers, we shall briefly add for the information of our younger friends, and of those from whose memory the French Revolution may have obliterated a part of her early history, that the Countess de Genlis was governess to the children of the Duke of Orleans, and married to the Count de Sillery. It was for the edification of her pupils she produced the well known Tales of the Castle—Instructive Dramas—The new Method of Instruction—and Prayers for Children. Her other works published at various periods, and under very various circumstances, are still more numerous ; we believe reaching to about forty volumes. Among the most successful were Adela and Theodore, Madame de Clermont, the Duchess de Valliere, the Knights of the Swan, Rash Vows, Recollections of Felicia (namely, her own,) Alphonsine, Jane of France, Les Batuecas, or Placide, &c. &c.

Distinguished for beauty and accomplishments at an early age ; married when very young, and introduced into the circles of Paris with much éclat, Madame de Genlis unhappily played a marked part in the Revolution. She

\* Historical, related of the Jesuits’ Bark, or quinquina.

fled from France in 1792, and did not return till the usurpation of Buonaparte, who, in 1805, granted her a pension of 6000 livres. Her pen has been invariably employed on the side of virtue, and

we rejoice to add that all her writings display a sense of religion rather extraordinary in one so intimately associated with the unprincipled *philosophes* who have demoralised France.]

## LETTERS FROM LONDON.

### LETTER IV.

**M**Y hostess having procured some passes from her young ladies' music-master, we went last night to a place of amusement called the Opera, and seated ourselves in the pit, whence we commanded a prospect of the whole house. You cannot imagine a finer sight. Hundreds of little rooms, lined with crimson, stood piled one over the other, and were full of feathers, diamonds, and ladies. Some of these rooms stood on the stage itself, which was quite proper, considering that the people in them were evidently actors. Indeed, so the whole company appeared too, and, perhaps, those who trod the stage were the only real spectators; at least, they were the only persons present, who passed altogether unnoticed, and seemed quite unconnected with the entertainment of the evening. Nobody, except some foreigners who sat about me, paid any attention to the stage; however, their enthusiasm alone was more than sufficient to compensate for the neglect of all besides. I know not what they meant by a tenor and a baritone, but, from what they said, I could gather that the civilization of society depended in a great measure upon them. One singer, they asserted, had the happiness of heaving up her notes from a considerable depth. Yet I pitied her extremely, for, by the faces she made, it was evident the process put her to great pain.

"Ah, Madame, is it not a charming soprano?" exclaimed a yellow little foreigner, turning short round upon me. "Really," replied I laughing, "I must say 'tis one of the finest asthmas I ever heard in my life." "What are you about, my dear?" cried my female companion, quite shocked: but was answered by the bowing Frenchman who complimented me as he supposed in high terms.

Delighted with his repartee, he naturally became pleased with the object of it,

so began chattering away, and soon initiated me into the mysteries of the whole Italian Opera; which is, indeed, a most comical device. The dialogue being in Italian, not one in a hundred can know the plot of the play—a great advantage to the author, who may thus write regular nonsense with impunity. The dramatic personæ consist, for the most part, of distressed kings and princesses, who conduct their affairs in recitative, and on all trying occasions, come out with a song. The fate of an empire is sometimes announced by a cadenza. Is the heroine in a fret? she sings. Is the hero in a rage? he sings too. Does he purpose to attack a citadel? he sings to his soldiers on the breach, and his soldiers sing to him, and the enemy on the battlements sing to both, and then all three sing to each other; after which, the battle goes on swimmingly.

People may say that this is unnatural. But if the rolling spheres themselves are set to music, why should not an affair of state have its music too? Certain I am, that a few fiddles at St. Stephen's would do as much service to the nation as half its orators.

As soon as the opera was over, the house began to fill, perhaps because the company might then talk without any interruption from the performers. I could perceive strange work going forward between the young gentlemen of Fop's alley, and certain fashionable grandmothers in the pigeon holes; while all around me were greyheaded patriarchs whispering some demure young ladies, who sat magnificently dressed, and perfumed with flowers; but who, out of the house, pique themselves upon their capability in gin, and upon the superior thunder of their curses.

Besides these, there were the starers—a set of emaciated bloods, who stood under the boxes, and ogled the ladies



over head. It was amazing to see with what christian composure and resignation each pretty creature bore a constellation of fifty fixed eyes all concentrated on her face, which, so far from appearing discomfited, had even a sort of company smile upon it, that lasted, with a sweet sameness, the whole of the night.

At length the ballet began, and an instantaneous silence reigned through the house; for it is a rule there, to see the singers, and to hear the dancers. Not a billet-doux could drop from a dowager unheard, so great was the respect paid to the majesty of toes. Occasional whispers, however, were ventured now and then. It was observed for instance, that Vestris was in much limb, as he had spun round once and a segment more than usual. Then the eloquence of an attitude, or the pathos of a pas seul, was pronounced superb, and divers old cognoscenti admired the keeping of the

groupes of flower girls. Some of them, indeed, were kept long enough, as one might see by their wrinkles; while the fatness of others shewed plainly, that they were, at least, kept well.

The stage itself was a great deal too small for the numbers who sometimes thronged upon it, nor could one always tell whether the scene represented a room or a landscape. At least it was no uncommon thing to see a piece of sky dangling down from the ceiling, or the sag end of a forest growing through the side wall of a saloon.

As it was Saturday night, the curtain dropped at twelve o'clock, a most proper regulation, which, however, when first instituted, raised a terrible riot among the audience. Perhaps most of them, being accustomed to consider church as another place of public amusement, were indignant at this instance of episcopal partiality. Adieu.

## NEW TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

From the Literary Gazette, June 1817.

*Extracts of LETTERS from a SWISS TRAVELLER, in North-America, in the summer of 1816.*

**N**EW-YORK is a tolerably handsome city, built on a peninsula; the houses are of brick in the Dutch style, and have generally three stories. A house is often built up in three or four weeks. The walls are only two bricks thick, and extremely slight. They are continually building, and there are built annually about 300 houses; notwithstanding this, house-rent is dear and one pays for a decent house from two to three thousand dollars: many rich persons build houses on speculation, let them to perhaps 15 or 20 families, and gain yearly 50,000 dollars in rent. The inside of the house is, as well as the outside, extremely clean and neat. The windows are like a looking glass, the stairs, floors, &c. are swept and washed daily, and all the brass ornaments polished like gold. In the dwelling of the farmer, as well as of the gentleman, the rooms are fitted up in a handsome though plain manner, the walls are finely papered, the floors are covered with rich

carpets, which they get from London and Paris. The parlour furniture is all made of mahogany. Every room has its chimney and an iron stove. The roofs are covered with shingles or with slate. The streets are very broad, the houses are built very regular, on each side are raised pavements for the foot passengers. The streets are very clean, the longest of them is half a league in length, and according to the plan it is to become in a few years one league. There are ten of them in front and the same number in breadth. I have not observed any very striking edifice except the Senate House; this is a very large building and all of white marble. New York also possesses a Museum, but it cannot be compared with those in Europe. The play-house is a very wretched building; they play only in the winter and for the most part tragedies. A pleasant walk has been made on the battery, which is indeed worth mentioning: the view one has there is delightful; it is close to the water, where one can overlook the two banks, the ships coming and going, and far into the open sea; but what makes it more agreeable is the many high shady

trees, on account of the cool sea breezes, in the sultry heat of summer. Some churches are worth seeing. There are about 100,000 inhabitants, of whom perhaps the third part may be foreigners, French, a few Germans, but more English. Almost every body is a merchant, and there is a great deal of trade, particularly to foreign countries. It is one of the finest ports, where the ships can enter with safety both in summer and winter. The natives are well made, the women are extremely pretty, and there are few who are ugly, and none deformed, but they seldom reach a greater age than 30\* or 35; in their 22nd year they already lose their bloom. Their dress is extremely becoming; the different ranks are hardly to be distinguished: so it is on a Sunday with the men, the carman wears as fine clothes as the merchant, all are on this day gentlemen. The American has a very serious character; he talks little, but he has a good heart, and is very obliging, especially to foreigners. The inhabitants of New York work all the week, on Sundays there is hardly any body to be seen in the streets, every thing appears to be

\* We presume there is some error here; we know indeed from various authorities that the American women do not retain their beauty long, but do not remember to have heard that they were so short lived as here stated.—*Lit. G.*

dead, neither shops nor public houses are opened, every body spends this day at church, or makes excursions over the water, which is a quarter of a league broad, and which they pass in five minutes in steam-boats. These boats go every morning from four till ten at night, constantly to and fro, they sometimes take in at once 200 persons, also coaches, horses, and carts on board. If an American goes into a public house he seldom spends more than sixpence for a glass of brandy or rum mixed with water: if there be a party together their general conversation is of religious disputes; they also talk very much of politics, but only upon subjects which concern their trade, and consequently they trouble themselves little about Europe, except in this one respect; every thing else is indifferent to them. They pay little regard to the fine arts and sciences, but set a great value on mechanical knowledge. They have brought their steam-engines to great perfection; they now possess a great many steam-boats which can go against the wind and stream, bring in a great deal of money, and are very convenient to travellers, elegantly built and provided with fine rooms. More than twenty of these vessels go to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany, Boston, &c.

To be continued.

## LETTERS FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON.

From the European Magazine, August 1817.

### LETTER V.

My dear G—,

**W**HEN a father takes upon himself to dictate to a son upon the nature and measure of his amusements, the latter is apt to turn round upon him with the memorandum, "Sir, remember you once were young, and youth is the season for amusement."—Now, if such an observation has suggested itself to you as an answer to my anxiety, I assure you it will instantly be admitted by me, for I can recal to my reminiscence the days of my youth with many of those happy recollections which I wish to be realized by you—but if by amusement you mean pleasure, it will be necessary for me to guard my concession with this one condition,

that pleasure be fixed upon the right object. This assumed and granted, I shall feel no hesitation in allowing you to extend your proposition to its utmost application. Now, G—, I can have no idea of the propriety of any amusement that leaves the thoughts more vacant than it found them, or that in unbending, weakens the mind;—and, supposing that you are willing to insist upon pleasure as a synonyme for amusement, I can have less conception of the word's application to any pursuit that produces painful reflection. It is requisite, therefore, that this "right object" should be defined; and, if I am not much mistaken, it is for want of a just sense of this that so many young men waste their time in idle amusements, and



squander their health in vicious pleasures. —I cannot allow myself to suppose that you feel any inclination to do either ; but the result may, perhaps, take place from being imperceptibly led on to it by the influence of association—and hence it becomes as indispensable, I had almost said more so, for a young man to be careful whom he chooses for the companions of his leisure hours of relaxation, as he admits he ought to be of those from whose communications he expects instruction in the graver pursuits of life. A man is more readily known by his pleasures than by any other part of his conduct—the character of his mind is more clearly unfolded ; he acts less under the controul of reserve, and the sentiment of his heart pours out itself in all the flow of natural feeling. Nothing, therefore, can be more essential to a young man, than that his pleasures should be so constituted, as neither to debase the dignity of his nature, nor commit his character to the reproach of others or of his own conscience. Relaxation cannot, then, be sought in pleasures that debilitate the body, or in amusements that enervate the mind ; for as the heart is principally concerned in our enjoyments, so it can neither find virtuous satisfaction nor useful improvement in such degrading gratifications. Indeed, the evil is not merely of a negative kind, since, such is the effect of all corrupt indulgence of the senses, that it not only vitiates our purer inclinations, but dispossesses us even of the power to preserve them from its contaminating influence, until, as our Milton has strongly expressed it,

“ The soul grows clotted by contagion.”

There is a passage in Cowper that very beautifully describes the total subjugation of the mind which such an unworthy sacrifice of its moral dignity is sure to produce—allow me to quote it.

“ Pleasure admitted in undue degree,  
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment  
free ;

The heart surrender'd to the ruling power  
Of some ungoverned passion every hour,  
Finds by degrees the truths that once bore  
sway,

And all their deep impressions, wear away ;  
So coin grows smooth in traffic current pass'd,  
Till Cæsar's image is effac'd at last !”

Indeed, I am fully convinced, my dear G——, that many a young man, whose better knowledge of his moral obligations would have kept him safe from this contagion, and would have armed him against its infection, by referring him to the first impressions of duty which he had received from a good education, has been gradually seduced into this destructive insensibility by an unwary association with individuals of his own standing and condition, who, having failed to apply aright the same opportunities, have, in the low subtilty of their impure experience, deliberately planned their triumph over his happier ignorance of the existence of vices which they have been long hackneyed in—and I am sorry to add a too notorious fact in support of this assertion, that there is not a more prolific source of such characters than a mercantile house. The hours of labour, if labour it can be called, are few—the time at their own disposal is considerable ; and it unfortunately happens, that the season of their leisure is in that part of the day when all the places of evening amusement are open ; and it is thought by these “ careless ones” a justifiable appropriation of their gains to squander them upon the most seductive of all amusements, those of the theatre, where they are seen lounging in the lobby, a place which may most justly be called the vestibule of vice—they soon become familiar with scenes, which to the disgrace of our police, are tolerated, as, what has been shamelessly termed “ a necessary evil”—and the restraints of virtuous reflection, too weak to resist the torrent of temptation, are borne down by the tide of depraved custom ; the moral warnings of early precept and parental caution are forgotten, the checks of conscience repulsed, and the boy boasts of intimacies to which nothing but infamy can be attached, and makes those violations his vaunt which have been the ruin of hundreds of young men in character and constitution, by rendering them regardless of the opinion of the world—“ They care not what people say of them—they are their own masters, and are not bound to give an account to any one.”—But they frequently find this latter assertion to be a very mistaken one

—for the repeated irregularities of their criminal course not unfrequently bring them into involvements out of which they seldom or never extricate themselves, but with the loss of their reputation, and the forfeiture of the respect of those on whose favour their future prospects generally depend.—I have a higher idea of your prudential estimate of the value of character to a young man who has nothing else to depend upon, than to suppose these vulgar irregularities can attract your concurrence—and I do not suppose that you would very readily lend yourself to their views of ill-bred intrusion upon common decorum as to be seen strolling from box to box, to the annoyance of the more sober-minded part of the audience, or parading the lobby with its degraded female occupants, or taking a part in an O. P. row, or even joining in a preconcerted phalanx of would-be critics to support or condemn a new production or performance, according to their ignorant standard of judgment and capricious decisions of personal favoritism or distaste. I am not inclined to think it possible that you would venture to the theatre in a state of intoxication, or that you would feel it to be a manly indication of superior acumen to proclaim your opinion of the merits or demerits of an actor by making one of a party who insolently take upon themselves to determine for the rest of the audience, whether such a debutant shall be allowed a second trial, or such a performance be permitted to reach the second act. No, G——! I am sure you would shun these unwarrantable presumptions of levity and ignorance, and will readily allow, with me, that there cannot be witnessed a more despicable, though ludicrous, character than a counting-house and office critic, who has just emerged from the trammels of boarding-school discipline, and slipped into manhood by the mere lapse of time, presuming to dictate to the town the *quantum meruit* of a performer or an author who has conceived himself capable of contributing to its amusement. Such impudent trespasses upon modesty and decent deportment I am not prepared to expect from you; yet so it is, G——, that we are seldom proof against

the force of example and the habit of association. We insensibly adopt the sentiment and the manners of those with whom we keep up a daily intercourse; and however ungentlemanly a young man, at his first entrance upon his career, may deem it to be to appear drunk at a theatre, or whatever effort it may cost him to overcome the natural diffidence of youth so far as to make a prominent figure in a theatrical riot, yet when he has once enrolled himself in a corps of such impertinents, the *chacun a son tour*, sooner or later, brings him to the breach; and what he would have blamed as the disreputable act of another, yesterday, to-day he boasts of as a monstrous good joke, and quite a glorious achievement in himself. It is a well known circumstance, that, in nine cases out of ten, the disturbances at our metropolitan theatres are originated by the insolence and audacity of young clerks in offices, boys who have just escaped from the rod of the pedagogue, and the sum of whose accomplishments amounts to little more than the rudiments of the Latin Grammar, a few badly pronounced French phrases collected from novels, barely sufficient acquaintance with their own language to write and spell a letter correctly, and just knowledge enough of music to pick out one of Moore's Irish Melodies upon the piano-forte or flute, with a few quotations from Shakspeare, or cant phrases from some modern playwright. I do not, however, mean to assert, that there are not to be found in a counting house young men of well-educated minds and well-regulated manners, which place them far above the level of such illiterate pretenders; but I would be understood as describing those who choose the lobby as the medium of their play-house recreations, or who intrude themselves among the more sober-minded frequenters of the pit whenever they promise themselves the gratification of a row, as they knowingly term it. You will tell me, that the association of these two orders is very rare, and that nothing can be more low and vulgar than the conduct of the latter—but I am afraid, G——, that the indiscriminate mixture of the bad and good in every great city not unfrequently blends all the distinguishing shades of



virtuous and vicious character in one general blot of contamination. If I am mistaken, my error originates in that report which professes to convey the common repute of such situations. However, I will conclude that you are not emulous of that questionable fame which the more depraved part of such *employés* so anxiously pursue, at the risk of their reputation, their health, and their appointments—and that you have too high a sense of what is due to yourself to commit your character and credit to a similar hazard. There is a very good story told us, G——, by way of fable, about a pigeon and three cranes—the former took a casual flight, with the latter, and on his first essay was unluckily seized as the companion of the latter, who were caught in the mischievous trespass of a predatory excursion—the pigeon, who, it seems, had but a little before trusted to his wings, and had been deemed by the maternal bird able to fly alone, had only the day before left his domesticated dove-cote—greatly delighted with the unrestrained range and expansive course of his bold associates, he followed where they led, and in an evil hour was taken in the snare of the fowler, who answered the exculpatory pleadings of the inexperienced bird by an old adage that has served on many such an occasion—“Evil communications corrupt good manners, a man is judged according to the company that he keeps.”—The reply, perhaps, is rather trite; but we may suppose that the man possessed common sense enough to parry the evasion of his captive, and that the latter had not sufficient to reflect, that the world in general forms its estimate of character more commonly from the plain evidence of conduct, than from the abstract principles of better knowledge which may be possessed by those who have not sufficient resolution to adhere to them—and hence it unfortunately happens, that one lapse from moral prudence in a youth, who allows himself to act in opposition to the dictates of his conscience and the precepts of his education, is taken as the stamp of his mind, and fixes the currency of public opinion as to its intrinsic worth, sooner than a hundred virtues which he has not

courage enough to put in practice. There certainly is a seeming injustice in such a criterion; yet as it is the custom of society, which can only judge according to what it sees of the behaviour of any one of its members, the best method of escaping the judgment is to avoid all appearance of evil, and to shun the company of those whose habits may betray us into it. One night's confinement in a watch-house, for even an unpremeditated implication in a street broil, will be related and recorded to the prejudice of a young man, when his regular appearance at church will never be thought of. Illiberal as this may be considered, yet it has some reason on its side; for he who does his duty does no more than he is expected to do, but he who violates it disappoints this expectation; and the violation is therefore more marked than the performance of it. If I have formed a warrantable estimate of your conscience, my dear G——, I would conclude, that in all such irregularities you will not look for what may be justly termed *Relaxation*—since whatever tends to degrade the man can never delight the mind, for none but the habitually vicious can find pleasure in vice.—I will not, therefore, even suspect you of being, by any possibility of your own choice, at any time likely to be involved in such unworthy implications.—Your own discrimination between right and wrong, I doubt not, has anticipated my present caution; and were I indeed to feel any doubt, I should adopt the language of the poet,

“Whene’er an equal poise of hope and fear  
Does arbitrate th’ event, my nature is,  
That I incline to hope rather than fear,  
And gladly banish squint suspicion.”

MILTON'S *Comus*.

There is, however, one possibility which I must guard you against, as it relates to that effervescence of youthful gaiety in which a young man's prudence is sometimes suffered to evaporate. Young men in subordinate stations are in the habit of forming a species of fellowship in their pleasurable pursuits, and by way of relaxing their minds from the graver burdens of duty, institute clubs, at which they meet to dine upon peculiar occasions, and those

who are supposed to be best able to afford the expense are admitted into their party. This sort of association is very apt to attract the buoyant spirits of youth—but as the difficulty of maintaining the influence of moderation is usually considered too great a task for exertion, it now and then occurs that temperance is turned out of the room: and in the absence of this virtue, (which all have agreed in ranking among the most amiable qualities of youth) the reins are given to the passions, and the mind is carried away in their impetuous course beyond all the bounds of moral circumspection. And when all things turn round with us, G——, no wonder if the judgment stumbles:—from the table, an adjournment is usually made to the theatre, and there all that I have hinted at takes place; or if their revelings should be carried to a length that disqualifies the party for this continuance of them, they usually terminate in quarrels among themselves, or disorderly conduct in the streets, and their jovial career finishes in a watch-house.—Then follows the customary exposure—bail must be found—to obtain which, some friend must be applied to—then the magistrate's summons must be attended to—and they are placed at the bar of justice, with the rest of the delinquents of the night, who, whatever may be the greater degree of their criminal turpitude, are, for the time, their fellows. This is a result which certainly cannot have any thing to do with the *rationale* of recreation; and if ever you should unhappily be brought into this dilemma, by allowing your complacency to cheat you of your prudence, I have little doubt but that, when your recollection shall be

returned, you will remember those lines of Cowper,

“Save me from the gaiety of those  
Whose headaches nail them to a noon-day bed;  
From guilt that fills the bones with pain,  
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with  
woe.”

—Now I presume you will admit, that the recreation which this letter has in view, can scarcely be found in a waste of time, of health, and purse, so senseless as this is.—Well then, you will tell me that an hour or two spent in sobermindedness at the theatre, to see a good play and a good actor, cannot be objected to upon any such grounds—since it affords information and entertainment so well blended as to recreate the mind and body at the same time—the intellect and the animal spirits are both assisted and refreshed.—Do not suppose that I wish to deny this—but I am not bound to admit too large a multiple of your “hour or two”—and in my next letter I will tell you why. In the mean time, my dear G——, assure yourself, that while I do not wish to see you numbered among those who

—————“know no fatigue  
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes  
But such as art contrives,”—

I am ready to allow you a right to seek remission from the fatigues of business in those scenes of pleasurable indulgence which may always preserve a uniformity of keeping, with the brightest prospects of your life. That these may be realized to your hopes, and to the justification and accomplishment of my present anxieties, is the sincere wish, and will be the happiest experience, of

Your affectionate Father,

W.

## OTTO VON KOTZEBUE'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

From the Literary Gazette, July 1817.

THE Berlin Gazette gives the following account of this expedition, which has been received from Kamtschatka. Letters of an earlier date, which, after having doubled Cape Horn, he sent from the coast of Chili, have been lost, or at least are not yet come to hand. Mr. V. Kotzebue discovered three new islands in the South Sea, in

14° of latitude, and 144° of longitude. To these islands he gave the names of Romanzow (the author and equipper of the whole expedition,) Spiridow (an Admiral under whom Kotzebue formerly served several years,) and Krusenstern (with whom he made his first voyage round the world.) Besides these he discovered a long chain of islands in the



same quarter, and two clusters of islands in the 11th degree of latitude, and 190th degree of longitude. (It is not specified whether the latitude is N. or S. or the longitude E. or W.) These he called after his ships *Rurik's Chain*; the two latter *Kutusow's Cluster* (a group) and *Suwarrow's Cluster*. All these islands are very woody, partly uninhabited, and dangerous for navigators. The discoverer has sent to Count Romanzow a great many maps and drawings. On the 12th of July O. S. Kotzebue designed to sail from Kamtschatka to Behring's Straits, according to his instructions. He hoped to return to Kamtschatka in September 1817. On the whole voyage from Chili to that place he had not a single person sick on board. He touched at Easter Island; but did not find the inhabitants so friendly as La Peyrouse describes them. He thinks that something must have happened since that time which has made them distrustful of the Europeans: perhaps it may be the overturning of their surprisingly large statues, which Kotzebue looked for in vain, and found only the ruins of one of them near its base, which still remains. He saw no fruits from the seeds left by La Peyrouse, nor any sheep or hogs, which by this time must have multiplied exceedingly. A single fowl was brought him for sale. It seems we may hope much from this young seamen, who is not yet 30 years of age. He was obliged for many reasons to leave the learned Dane Wormskrold behind in Kamtschatka.

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*Extract from the Journal of the Circumnavigator OTTO VON KOTZEBUE, sent to his Father.*  
 ---Communicated by the latter.

Talcagnano, on the Coast of Chili,  
 3d of March, 1816.

This was the day on which the curiosity of the ladies of the town of Concepcion was to be satisfied. Yesterday and this morning there arrived many out of that town; and the ladies who did not like to ride so long a way on horseback, came in an odd kind of carriage; four-cornered boxes quite like our dog-kennels, which rested upon immensely large wheels made of boards, drawn, instead

of horses, by two strong oxen. I could not help laughing when I saw a whole row of these smart equipages arrive filled with ladies; but the surprise is very pleasant, when one sees crawling out of these ugly cages well-educated and handsome young ladies, who are not at all inferior to the European ladies either in the elegance and taste of their dress, or in the politeness of their behaviour. The quantity of their shining diamonds would be envied by many an European lady. At three in the afternoon all my boats were ready at the beach to receive my guests. My ship was in the greatest order, and richly furnished with all sorts of refreshments, but the number of the guests was too great to entertain them all at once on board the little *Rurik* (the name of the ship.) Accordingly my boats remained in constant activity, to carry those on shore again whose curiosity was satisfied, and to bring others in their place.

At sunset the company left the ship to dress for the ball. The *Rurik* was admired by all of them. The Governor remained the last on board. The crowd of the ladies amused him very much, because there were but a few gentlemen; in fact the women are here ten times as numerous as the men. As the Governor left the ship I saluted him with eight guns, which were immediately answered by the fort. On shore I had transformed a great magazine into a ball-room, and ornamented it with many trees. As it was brilliantly illuminated, nobody perceived that they were in a great corn magazine. In two places were transparencies, which were symbolical of the friendship between the two powers. At eight o'clock the ball began; there was much dancing; refreshments of all kinds were in abundance, and the company seemed very cheerful. In another house, which was only separated by a garden from the ball-room, the guests went to supper, and were surprised by a firework, at which they seemed very much pleased. At two o'clock in the morning the ball became more animated, and was kept up with great spirit till six o'clock. The sun was already high when I accompanied some of my principal guests home. In the town they had

thought till now that the Russians went on all-fours, and that they much resembled monkies, but now I had the pleasure to hear that they were ashamed of their error. The Governor, as well as the inhabitants of Talcagnano solemnly promised that whenever any Russians came here they would receive them in the most friendly manner. It gives me great pleasure to leave behind such a favourable idea of our nation ; if any of our mariners should come to this place in future it may be of use to them. The company consisted of more than 200, of whom two thirds were ladies. On the 5th of March I was quite ready to leave Talcagnano, when a disagreeable occurrence made me stay some days longer. One of my sailors deserted this morning : I had thought none to be capable of such an action, as all of them made the voyage with their own free will, and had not the slightest thing to complain of. I heard that a love intrigue was the cause : in vain I offered a reward of a hundred dollars to him who would bring him back to me. He must have found very good friends, as, though I waited three days for him, I could hear nothing of him. Meanwhile the Governor had received an order from his King to receive us as friends, he gave me a copy of it. On the 8th March we weighed anchor with a good wind, and very soon lost sight of Talcagnano. The commandant who had now accustomed himself to our company, and dined with us almost every day, remained on board till the last moment, and departed from us with tears. All of us were penetrated with the friendly reception which was shown to us on this coast, and all were much affected as we lost sight in the evening of this beautiful country. On the 10th of March, at six in the evening, we perceived a singular motion of the ship, and heard at a distance a noise as if a carriage passed over a rough wooden bridge : this lasted each time about a half a minute, and was repeated every two or three minutes. In an hour there was nothing more to be heard. Without doubt, there was at that moment an earthquake in America, because the noise came from the land, although we were 2° distant from it, and the west wind blew towards it. Afterwards we proceeded rapidly with a fine east wind, and had the most delightful weather. On the 16th I touched the Parallel, on which Krusenstern supposes Davisland to lie. A tropic bird was seen. On the 18th we took many distances. We may pretty well depend on the exactness of our observations as three observers were employed in them, and there never was any considerable difference in the longitude found. Although I followed my instructions very exactly, I could not discover Davisland, and had not the least sign of being near land. On the 20th I threw a well-corked bottle into the sea, with a paper in it on which was written that "the Rurik had in vain sought here for Davisland." From here I directed my course a little towards the north, to seek for Wareham's rocks. The chronometer began to-day to change its going considerably. On the 22d we had a calm, with high waves from the south, which shook the little Rurik very much. Some Tropical birds were seen. On the 24th we passed the place on which Wareham's rocks is marked on Arrowsmith's map, but we discovered nothing, though the horizon was very clear, and we could see very far. The Island of Salos, which we saw on the 26th, has quite the appearance of a rock, and has perhaps been taken by a false calculation of the longitude for a new discovered rock. We observed it through our telescopes, and could plainly distinguish the objects on shore. No green covered the bare rocks which lay there scattered in large masses, and by their black-grey colour give the island a most dreary look. Many thousands of sea-birds have chosen it for their abode. Even when we could see it no longer we were surrounded by Frigate-birds and Pelicans, some of which we shot. The surf broke violently on the rocks, but we could not discover the fragments of a wrecked ship, which were said to be still here : perhaps the waves have carried them away.

Continued in our next.



## PRESENT STATE OF ENGLISH POETRY.

To the Editor of the London Literary Gazette.

THE present state of our poetry demands some serious consideration; and with your permission, Sir, I shall, from time to time, enter into a general critique upon it, and upon the peculiarities of our living writers, through the medium of your Gazette. That a decided revolution has lately taken place in the poetical commonwealth, is obvious to the most obtuse capacity; but whether this change has proved beneficial, or otherwise, may be disputed even by the most sagacious.

It is urged, and not unjustly, in favour of modern bards, that they seek chiefly to excite our stronger and more sublime feelings, that they cultivate impassioned sentiment, and lay open the inmost recesses of the human heart. On this point, I will allow their superiority over the writers of the last age. The principle which they have adopted, is noble; but it remains to say, whether the way by which they would effect their object, is adequate and legal. Speaking generally, they have so far improved upon the past, as to discard all those prettinesses, sparkling points, and pert antitheses, which are the natural result of verbal correctness, when carried to extreme. But have they not substituted instead, another fault of quite an opposite species, and regarded language, which is the mirror of thought, with too much inattention? Do they polish that mirror sufficiently? Do they not, on the contrary, leave its surface so rugged, that the beauty of an idea is often blunted by the dimness, or distorted by the obliquity of the medium which reflects it?

In place, then, of obscurity from too much condensation, we have obscurity from too much diffuseness; which latter, as being the more tedious evil of the two, must needs be the greater. In the same spirit of inordinate elongation, some of the most striking thoughts are spun out to an extent, which utterly destroys their striking quality. Each idea is repeated, and each succeeding repetition is weaker than the former. Example is

always useful in general criticism, and I shall take one among many instances, from *The Siege of Corinth*. The poet is describing the dead after a battle.

“Even as they fell, in files they lay,  
Like the mower’s grass at the close of day.”

So far this is a most happy illustration, and one would suppose, perfectly comprehensible. Nevertheless the poet adds,

“When his work is done on the levelled plain;  
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.”

Not one new idea is gained by the latter couplet, but the impression of the former is much enfeebled by it.

The “solitude of a crowd,” and “solitude sometimes is best society,” are hackneyed adages enough. But in the *Childe Harold*, these are hammered out to a diameter of eighteen lines, which end with this tautologous Alexandrine:

“This is to be alone;—this, this is solitude.”

The word solitude, as a termination, reminds me of another error into which late writers have fallen, either by a fashionable negligence of composition, or a fondness for imitating Gothic models. They perpetually close their lines with such galloping dactyls, as revelry, dreriment, withering, murmuring, &c. which always fall weakly and ungracefully on the ear. Now and then, perhaps, such words may give variety to the measure, but they should be used very seldom indeed.

Next in order of absurdity, comes the resuscitation of defunct words and idioms; the “rede me arights,” and “by my fays,” which find themselves suddenly exorcised out of their charnel-houses, and all shrouded as they are, ushered into the gay world among bloom and glitter.

So much has already been said on this subject, and the incongruity of the innovation is so evident, that I shall pass it by, to make way for another, somewhat similar in its nature, and not

less destructive of fine and elegant poetry. I mean the use of expletives. Why those veteran supernumeraries should again be brought into the field, I cannot imagine. Neither can I conceive upon what principle of taste, *eth* and *ath* and *ith* are now so commonly made to terminate the present tense, instead of plain letter *s*. Then we have compound substantives without number—watch-flame, forest-monarch, death-ball, and battle-field.

Some of the errors which I have enumerated, (and many more remain,) are either the devices of a lazy pen, or of one which affects the force and ease of Spencer, Chaucer, and Shakspeare. But the melancholy part of the matter is, that faults are more easily copied than beauties, and that what constitutes a beauty in the prototype, often transfers a fault into the imitation. An artist may paint a flying bird or a flash of lightning, but

he cannot paint their motion. There they remain, stuck in the sky for ever, and the longer we gaze at them, the more we discover, that, while the external resemblance is accurate, the internal impulse, which animated the original, is wanting.

It were, indeed, most desirable, that our living poets should take pattern only from the spirit and nature of our dead, and avoid all those mimicries which are merely mechanical. A polished age requires a polished language, and though the talent of thinking well be far superior to the art of expressing well, yet the former, as a social quality, is almost impotent without the latter. We know that the solidity of the diamond is more valuable than the polish which it receives; but we likewise know, that its intrinsic excellence were useless without its exterior brilliancy.

## FRENCH MANNERS.

*From the Literary Gazette.*

[The lively author of the *Hermite de la Chaussee d'Antin*, the *Franc Parleur*, and the *Hermite de la Guyanne*, the subject of which was the manners of the French metropolis, has now resolved to give similar sketches of the manners of the provinces, each of which with the general features of national resemblance, has also besides its own characteristic physiognomy. The place with which he has chosen to commence this new series of his miscellany is Bordeaux. We shall give from time to time some of his sketches on manners, which may suit the plan and the limits of our work.]

**B**ORDEAUX—I know not what place should be assigned to Bordeaux, among the three great cities in France, which dispute with each other the first rank after the capital; but I think I may affirm that (except Constantinople) there is none in Europe which presents a more charming and striking appearance than Bordeaux does, when you approach by the Bastide. Bordeaux is built in the form of a half circle on the fine river Garonne, which forms exactly the chord of an immense arch, which the eye embraces at one view in all its magnificence. This city was particularly favoured by the Romans, who built here a magnificent temple to the tutelary Gods, of which we have remains; and some centuries afterwards, the *Palais Gullen* the ruins of which (the only ones worthy of attention) have much resemblance to the amphitheatre

at Nîmes; but are not in such good preservation.

As for modern edifices the only remarkable ones, I believe, are the *Theatre*, the finest in Europe, considered as a monument of architecture; the *Archiepiscopal Palace*, a fine building with a magnificent garden containing a very great quantity of valuable plants and trees: this is now the royal residence of the French princes when they are at Bordeaux; the *Exchange*; some churches, of which *St. Andrews* the cathedral, is the finest; the *Moulin des Chartrons*, the erection of which cost enormous sums, but which is now so dilapidated as to be of no use. It is with this hydraulic machine as with that of Marly, it would cost less to build it anew than to repair it.

The genius of the Arts perhaps never conceived a bolder undertaking than that of the Pont de la Bastide, which is at this moment executing at Bordeaux. The possibility of throwing a bridge over a river, so broad and rapid as the Garonne is at this place, has long been a subject of controversy; at present it is no longer doubtful: the third pier is up,



and the first two have already stood trials they might have been supposed unable to go through. Ten years uninterrupted labour will scarcely suffice to finish this magnificent work, the expence of which cannot be estimated at less than 20 millions.

The environs as far as one can judge in winter do not afford an indemnity for the poverty of the promenades. Except a pretty large space called *l'entre deux mers*, between the Garonne and the Dordogne, where there are fine situations and some wooded hills, all the rest of the country is flat and arid. The soil is almost wholly reserved for the cultivation of vines, the immense produce of which annually reminds the proprietors of what they gain by sacrificing nothing to ornament.

The *Chapeau Rouge* and the *Chatrons* are incomparably the two finest and two richest quarters of the city: the latter, situated beyond the *Chateau trompette*, is chiefly inhabited by families of foreign extraction, the most of whom have been settled there for two or three generations. These houses, and some others of *Chapeau Rouge*, which are more anciently French, compose what is called *Le haut commerce*, that is a class of merchants still more respectable for their probity than their riches.

From time immemorial there has existed between the inhabitants of the *Chapeau Rouge*, and those of the *Chatrons* a rivalry in which the women of course act the first part. When they are to meet at a fête, or ball, you may depend on their exerting all their efforts to outdo each other in dress, grace and beauty, the expence of which is generously provided for by the fathers and husbands. In this struggle, where victory is often uncertain, the *Chatrons*

generally obtain the prize of splendor; the *Chapeau Rouge* of elegance.

In direct opposition to these two celebrated quarters, may be placed that of the Jews, situated at the other extremity of the city, and of which the street *Bouhaut* forms the greatest part. The Jews of Bourdeaux are distinguished from the rest of the inhabitants, with whom they have no intercourse, by the long features of the face, by their complexion, their accent, and an habitual uncleanness which is not always confined to their dress. The Jewish tradesmen in the street *Bouhaut*, are constantly at the door of their shops to watch for customers; they are not contented with merely inviting them to enter, but press and persecute them in so urgent a manner, that one is sometimes obliged to use force to get out of their hands. Among the Jews of Bourdeaux there are several families who are very rich, such as the Rabats, the Gradis, and some well-informed men, at the head of whom public opinion places Mr. Furtado.

The Gascon patois is here in general use among the lower class of people, and persons of good education are consequently obliged to understand and speak it. Hence a great number of popular expressions have been insensibly introduced into the language of good company, which they have at last corrupted. One might form a whole volume of these words which are merely of local use, and which no analogy assists one to comprehend. It is, however, but just to confess that these local expressions, are met with (in the higher classes,) more frequently in the mouths of the men than of the women, who being for the most part educated at Paris, express themselves with elegance and without the least accent.

## SKETCHES OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

From the Literary Gazette.

### THE MODERN FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

**D**AME Greenfield made her appearance above half a century ago; her parents were honest, plain, homely people; and the occupation of a farmer had not been changed in the family for

three generations. She was particularly pious, thrifty and retired in her habits; for which reason she was not married until nearly thirty-five, and her sole offspring was a daughter. As this young lady did not figure in the event-

ful Drama of life till thirty-five years after her mother, there was a great contrast between them. Matters throve so well with the industrious economical couple, that Miss was looked up to as a sort of an heiress, and this precious *unit* was considered as the most valuable property in their whole stock and crop.

Mrs. Greenfield's Christian name was Margery, and her honest husband called her Madge; but this was thought too vulgar for the *pearl* of the family, and she was accordingly called Margaret, which swelled itself in time into *Margarita*. Worthy Mrs. Greenfield could milk, make butter and puddings, spin, cook, and fabricate coarse lace; but all these occupations were beneath Miss Greenfield; they were judged as calculated to spoil her white hands; and *Pa* (for so Miss called him) was determined to make a lady of her. Now *Ma* had no accomplishments: her writing was cramped and not very legible; she read with a west country dialect; and she sung through her nose. Miss, however, was taught to play on the pianoforte by the organist; had a very pleasing voice, learned to dance reels and country dances, and spoke barbarous French: besides she embroidered on satin, and wrote an affected taper hand.

*Ma* now quitted the stage of life; and Miss Margaret did not mourn for her very violently. "Some natural tears *she* shed," but "the world was all before her," and ardently she wished to figure in it. Very unluckily the corn trade flourished to an unnatural extent about this time; and the farmer's pride rose with the price of grain; so Miss *Margarita's* earnest request was granted; and she was sent to a most extravagant boarding school, where Lady Mary and Lady Betty looked down upon her at first. She soon excelled, however, in accomplishments, and played the girl of fashion so naturally, that, added to having an unlimited credit for cash and dresses, she ingratiated herself with the females in high life, and used to lend her pocket money and make presents to such an extent, that the farmer's sacks used to shrink into a *robe a la turc*, or a curricule dress.

The period of education concluded, she returned in sullen misery to Friar's Court Farm, and turned up her nose at every object, from the barn-door chicken to the family cat, and from Doll the dairy-maid up to the honest parson of the parish. Of *Pa* she got desperately ashamed; and Cousin Winbush was informed, with the most ineffable contempt, never to presume to call her Peggy as long as he lived. *Pa* was ordered out of the parlour to smoke his pipe, and forced to dress every day for dinner; for, by this time, *Margarita's* superiority was so felt, that she was *maitresse absolue* over the whole establishment.

The pianoforte was sold for a trifle, and one hundred guineas given for a harp; reels and country dances were exploded for waltzes and *quadrilles*; barbarous French was deserted for softer Italian; and painting on satin was superseded by the amusement accruing from being a poetess. Miss had also been informed that melancholy heightens the interest of a face; and she accordingly adopted that cast of countenance, and adjusted a lock of hair across her forehead so as to give great effect to a languishing eye, peeping like silver Cynthia through a cloud.

*Margarita* now sold four cows and three ponies to purchase a pair of blood horses; and had a desperate quarrel with *Pa* because he would not give Joe, the stable-boy, a crimson livery to ride after her.

Whilst at the boarding school, she had not been without admirers. A gentleman in a curricule had dropt a *billet doux* at her feet, and she had received a proposal to elope with a young rake, which offer had been elegantly and adroitly slipped into an orange. Her heart, however, leant towards an officer of the Life Guards; and she had literally

"Fancied her into a chivalry Dame,  
And him, the bold Knight of the lance."

With this penchant, she came down to the country, and had the advantage of being in love, which added greatly to the rest of her irresistibility. She now, therefore, *vegetated*, as she called it, at *Pa's* for six months, with the sole conso-



lation of giving her *sighs to the gale*, reading novels all night, lying in bed all day, composing an ode to a butterfly, or a sonnet on a dying Narcissus, and occasionally corresponding with some of her young friends in the *beau monde*.

In the course of the summer, she had sufficient empire over Pa's mind to induce him to leave his business, and to take her to a watering place, where she had the mingled delight of seeing herself admired and *poor Pa* heartily laughed at. She had, moreover, the notoriety of being preferred as waltzing partner by lords, knights and squires, and grew so intoxicated with her success, that even the *Life Guardsman faded on her memory*. A certain lord and Margarita likewise entered into a close flirtation: couplets and amatory poems used to find their way into her glove, and *once* passed the line of prudence, namely the inclosure of her well-formed, but too apparent bosom. This was a *half invite* to matrimony, and it was ridiculously answered by the Poetess thus:

"An humble violet's, my lot must be;

"The lordly rose can never wed with me."

The only reply to this sally was a diamond hoop ring, without an explanation; and Margarita returned again to retire-

ment, deeper in love than ever. In the shooting season, Lord Florimont visited the farmer, and obtained, unknown to him, the permission of corresponding with Margarita, who, to render her letters more romantic, subscribed them, Margarite Jemima Greville: the first and last of these names were thus metamorphosed; the middle name, adopted.

About this time Pa's affairs were getting into disorder; and, since Mrs. Greenfield's death, he had taken to drinking, and intrusted every thing to servants. Finally, he had the misfortune to fall from his horse in a state of intoxication, and did not long survive it. On investigation, his effects were found insufficient to cover his debts; when honest Tom Winbush offered to pay twenty shillings in the pound, and to marry Cousin Peg, which was rejected with scorn. The next post brought a criminal proposal from Lord Florimont, which occasioned the deluded Margaret a long fit of illness. Strength of constitution, however, surmounted this attack. But, we grieve to state that, the ensuing winter, Miss Margarita Jemima Greville was met in Bond Street, and attended home by the acquaintance of an hour.

From the Monthly Magazine.

## PRESENT STATE OF HAYTI.

BY THE BARON DE VASTY, A MAN OF COLOUR AND ONE OF THE MINISTERS OF KING HENRI.

**B**Y a precipitate manumission of the slaves, the Baron de Vasty observes, that the French first lost hold of the Queen of the Antilles, as Hayti is deservedly termed; and, by the double-dealing of their attempts at repossession, they have forfeited the island perhaps for ever. The Emperor Napoleon dispatched Le Clerc, in 1802-3, for the ostensible purpose of restoring social order to the settlements—too long disturbed, it was said, by intestine divisions; and in the proclamation of that general, on landing, it was stated, in so many words, "You are all free and independent, before God and the republic." A correspondence was opened by him with Generals Des-salines and Christophe, the two native

chiefs; which was conducted on their part with singular ability, moderation, and firmness. At length it became evident, from the tenor of the French proposals, that nothing less than the unconditional surrender of all the posts and garrisons of the island, and, by consequence, the submission of the whole population to the will of France—was the real object of the invading expedition. The proceeding was viewed as an unjustifiable attempt to betray the liberties of the country, already purchased by the effusion of much blood; and, for the preservation of their dearest interests, therefore, the Haytians were again obliged to have recourse to arms. The wanton and impolitic barbarities of the

French army had disgusted and turned every citizen from their cause ; and a contest ensued resembling that of the Guerilla warfare in Spain. The natives had every advantage—a thorough seasoning in their torrid climate, and a perfect knowledge of the insular localities. The heat of a vertical sun by day, and the dampness of the heavy dews by night, were sufficient of themselves to have defeated the French soldiery ; but, when, in addition to these natural enemies, they were assailed by the Haytians from their thickets and fastnesses, their numbers decreased beyond example.

The people assumed their independence ; a government was organized, with Dessalines at the head : Commerce began to unfurl her canvass—and order gradually pervaded every department of the commonwealth. The cruelty of Dessalines, however—who, though distinguished for his military abilities, was yet too sanguinary for a humane and inoffensive people—prepared the way for his downfall ; and he was accordingly assassinated on his way to the south, for the inspection of his troops. Toussaint underwent a still worse fate : we believe he had a generous heart and an enlightened mind—but these qualities did him no good in a damp French dungeon. The command now devolved upon HENRI CHRISTOPHE—a man, (says the baron,) who was fitted by Nature for elevated purposes, and who seems destined to perpetuate the independence which he bore so conspicuous a part in achieving. He was raised to the presidency of Hayti by the universal consent of the nation, and discharged the duties of that office with great ability and application. He revised the several administrations ; examined the respective departments of finance, trade, and navigation ; looked into the details of the army ; visited the hospitals in person ; and, to complete his thorough reformation, he remedied the defects of the laws, and instituted a new system of jurisprudence, which now goes under the title of the *Code Henri*, and of which one remarkable provision is—that the cultivator of the soil is now secured in the possession of at least one-fourth part of the gross produce.

Rising in the esteem of his countrymen by the wisdom of his measures, President Christophe was deemed worthy of a higher distinction ; and was accordingly elevated to the dignity of sovereign in March 1811, the eighth year of independence. In the progress of his reign King Henri has not been unmindful of the liberal arts and sciences : national schools, on the LANCASTERIAN PLAN, have been already established in the capital ; others are preparing in the interior ; and a royal collage is now building, in which the higher branches of science are to be taught by professors expected from England. German officers are employed in the instruction of the cadets intended for officers and engineers. An academy of painting and design, under the superintendence of distinguished artists, is already attended by about thirty pupils—many of whom exhibit talents of considerable promise.

With a taste for the conveniences of civilized life, an increasing consumption of foreign articles of luxury begins to manifest itself. The government usually purchases a considerable proportion of every cargo that arrives in port ; giving in barter, sugar, coffee, molasses, cotton, or other produce, according to the agreement. Provisions are generally brisk of sale—the peasantry being occupied with the more profitable employment of raising sugar and coffee for exportation. The military attitude of the country—necessity, perhaps, as a preservative against the attempts of France—is undoubtedly adverse to improvement, and to the thorough developement of the incalculable resources of the soil. Cultivation is impeded by the enrolment of all males for military service on their attaining the age of sixteen ; yet the produce raised, though not so abundant as it could be wished, is furnished in sufficient quantity for the returns required by importations.

CAPE HENRI, the capital of Hayti, so named after the present king, is situated at the northern extremity of the island. The city has a remarkably handsome appearance from the harbour ; and is built on an inclined plain, forming the base of the mountains in rear of it ; its position near the promontory of the



Cape gives it the full benefit of the windward sea-breeze; and the extensive vale, to the right of the town, admits the passage of the free current of air from the mountains, during the land-wind. The strictest precautions, as to cleanliness, are enforced by the governor; and, with these advantages, Cape Henri may be pronounced, perhaps, the most healthy spot in the West Indies. The yellow fever, so fatal at the Havannah, Jamaica, and other islands, is there unknown; and the chief diseases, indeed, to which strangers are subject, are principally to be ascribed to intemperance.

Conviviality is promoted by the establishment of a mess, or general table, which is supported by the subscriptions of the principal foreign merchants, and to which strangers have access on a proper introduction. Those who have families usually spend their afternoons at home or in mutual visits; and a small, but respectable, and increasing society, consisting of English, American, German, and other merchants, form a social circle, calculated to enliven and gratify its members. On Sundays it is usual for strangers to repair to a house and plantation, appropriated for their entertainment by orders of his majesty. This delightful retreat is situated on a gentle eminence, about five miles distant from the capital, and commands a most beautiful prospect of the richest and most extensive plain to be seen in all the West Indies; stretching in a straight line from east to west, nearly sixty miles. Here the sugar-cane grows in full luxuriance; the mellow richness of the soil—the irrigation from the mountains, and the warmth of the position, screened as it is, from the ruder blasts,—giving it advantages for growth, which, in other places, it but seldom enjoys. The finest cotton is to be found growing spontaneously among the hedges,—indigo plants springing up by the way-side,—and the coffee-bush growing wild, and inviting the hand of industry, to collect. *Haut de cap*, the name of the plantation, before mentioned, was the property of a nobleman who embellished it with gardens, displaying all the varied beauties of nature, as she appears in the tropical regions.

At a distance of about seven miles, on the craggy summit of a stupendous mountain, is seen the Citadel Henri, mounted with three hundred and sixty-five pieces of cannon, and built according to the true principles of the engineering art. New fortifications are constantly added to it under the immediate directions of the king himself, who personally superintends their execution. It is said, that this citadel is stocked with three years' provisions for ten thousand men. It is the grand depository of the treasures of the kingdom—and guarded of course, with peculiar care. Completely enfiladed by the guns—and inaccessible on all sides, except by a foot-path hewn out of the solid rock, so narrow as to admit only single files—it may, with truth be deemed impregnable.

Within a mile of the citadel stands the palace of Sans Souci—the favorite residence of the king—distant from the Cape about twelve miles. Those alone who have particular letters of introduction to his majesty, enjoy the honor of a visit to Sans Souci. The floors and ceiling of the palace are of mahogany, highly polished. The most sumptuous furniture that Europe, or the western world could supply, has been selected to adorn the interior; while the rarest fruits and plants are to be found in the gardens and pleasure-grounds, which are laid out in exquisite taste. The coolness of the air at this elevated spot, which has been chosen with singular felicity, is aided by the distribution of the trees; and the place forms, altogether, a retired and shaded retreat from the bustle and the cares of state.

An extensive arsenal, and the barracks of the guards, are in the neighbourhood. The king is daily occupied with military inspections, and always mounts his horse at sun-rise. He is a remarkably handsome well-built man; with a broad chest, square shoulders, and an appearance of great muscular strength and activity. As a soldier he has certainly shown himself to be both valorous and skilful: in counsel he is shrewd and judicious. Moderation, and a desire to keep aloof from the affairs of neighbouring states, are the peculiar characteristics of his administration. He appears

to be governed by great caution—waiting till the independence of Hayti shall be recognized by the various powers, before he executes those plans for the ameliorating the condition of his people, which he is known to have in view.

Strangers are limited in their excursions to the environs of the cape, L'Eclair, and Haut de Cap. Those who have business with the king are conducted to Sans Souci; and merchants and supercargoes going on mercantile affairs, are permitted occasionally to visit Gonaives, a port distant about sixty miles from the Cape, where vessels touch to load cotton—it being in the centre of the cotton plantations. L'Eclair is a house of entertainment, with a neat garden, seated midway up the ascent of the northern promontory of the Cape, and commanding, from its lofty situation, a prospect of extraordinary beauty and extent;—the spacious harbour and shipping in front; the town stretching to the right, with the distant hills of Sans Souci, the Grange, and Monte Christe.

The market at the Cape presents a scene of bustle and activity; and is abundantly supplied with every description of animal and vegetable food. Fruits of delicious flavour, totally unknown except in tropical climates, are to be seen in cheap profusion; oranges, limes, bananas, plantains, sappadillas, mangoes, ananas, or pine apples. Of esculent vegetables, there are European

peas, French beans, scarlet beans, convolvulus or sweet potatoe, yams, cassada-root, the egg plant, with a variety of others, both indigenous and exotic. The palace of the former governor, though now in a state of dilapidation, is a magnificent building, in the upper part of the town. In the ascent to it you cross a handsome square, of smooth grass, which embraces, in its centre the fountain which the French are said to have poisoned, when they were at the Cape. It is surrounded by elegant public buildings; the left being occupied by the principal church; the front by the king's palace, with that of the prince royal adjoining; and the right by the archbishop's palace, and a guard-house for the military. The whole wears a pleasing aspect.

The natives are remarkable for their polite demeanor and affability to strangers; and the humblest peasant salutes a white man with respect in passing. The rich are courteous, and evidently desirous of acquiring the good opinion of foreigners. The vigilance of the police exceeds that of any other island in the West Indies. Order and decorum are the prevailing features of society; and crimes are made rare by the most effectual means to prevent them. Strangers are specially favoured; being under the immediate protection of the government.

## MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

From the Literary Gazette.

### THE LIFE OF HAYDN, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS WRITTEN AT VIENNA.

Translated from the French of L. A. C. Bombel, with Notes by the Author of the "Sacred Melodies."

**T**HE translator, in his Preface, informs the reader that he will "find in the following pages a variety of anecdote, and an elegance of criticism, on all subjects connected with the fine arts, which can scarcely fail to gratify him."

We confess that this promise is, in a great degree, fulfilled. The work is interesting, and written in a lively entertaining style. The author's taste and science give a considerable weight to his

opinions on the subject of music, in which his strength lies. The interest of the reader is excited by the opening of the subject, which we insert here as a specimen of his manner.

"At the extremity of one of the suburbs of Vienna, on the side of the Imperial Park of Schönbrunn, you find, near the barrier of Maria Hilff, a small unpaved street, so little frequented that it is covered with grass. About the middle



of this street rises an humble dwelling, surrounded by perpetual silence: it is there, and not in the palace Esterhazy, as you suppose, and as, in fact, he might if he wished, that the father of instrumental music resides—one of the men of genius of the eighteenth century, the golden age of music.”

“You knock at the door: it is opened to you with a cheerful smile by a worthy little old woman, his house-keeper; you ascend a short flight of wooden stairs, and find in the second chamber of a very simple apartment, a tranquil old man, sitting at a desk, absorbed in the melancholy sentiment that life is escaping from him, and so complete a nonentity with respect to every thing besides, that he stands in need of visitors to recall to him what he has once been. When he sees any one enter, a pleasing smile appears upon his lips, a tear moistens his eye, his countenance recovers its animation, his voice becomes clear, he recognizes his guest, and talks to him of his early years, of which he has a much better recollection than of his later ones: you think that the artist still exists; but, soon, he relapses before your eyes into his habitual state of lethargy and sadness.

“The Haydn all fire, so exuberant and original, who when seated at his piano-forte created musical wonders, and in a few moments warmed and transported every heart with delicious sensations—has disappeared from the world. The Butterfly, of which Plato speaks, has spread its bright wings to Heaven, and has left here below only the gross larva, under which it appeared to our eyes.”

Such, in April, 1808, was the situation of this great man, who, for nearly fifty years, had filled the world with the fame of his genius. The account of his humble parentage, and the first years of his life, is equally interesting.

“Francis Joseph Haydn was born on the last day of March, 1732, at Rohrau, a small town, fifteen leagues distant from Vienna. His father was a cartwright, and his mother before her marriage, had been cook in the family of Count Harrach, the lord of the village.

2F ATHENEUM. Vol. 2.

“The father of Haydn united to his trade of a cartwright, the office of a parish-sexton. He had a fine tenor voice, was fond of his organ, and of music in general. On one of those journies, which the artisans of Germany often undertake, being at Frankfort-on-the-Mayne, he learned to play a little on the harp: and in holidays, after church, he used to take his instrument, and his wife sung. The birth of Joseph did not alter the habits of this peaceful family. The little domestic concert returned every week, and the child, standing before his parents, with two pieces of wood in his hands, one of which served him as a violin, and the other as a bow, constantly accompanied his mother's voice. Haydn, loaded with years and with glory, has often, in my presence, recalled the simple airs which she sung; so deep an impression had these first melodies made on this soul, which was all music.

“A cousin of the cartwright, whose name was Frank, a school-master at Haimburg, came to Rohrau, one Sunday, and assisted at the trio.

“He remarked, that the child, then scarcely six years old, beat the time with astonishing exactitude and precision. This Frank was well acquainted with music, and proposed to his relations to take little Joseph to his house, and to teach him. They accepted the offer with joy, hoping to succeed more easily in getting Joseph into holy orders, if he should understand music. He set out accordingly for Haimburg. He had been there only a few weeks, when he discovered in his cousin's house two tambourines. By dint of trials and perseverance, he succeeded in forming on this instrument, which had but two tones, a kind of air, which attracted the attention of all who came to the school-house.”

The narrative of circumstances, which placed him at eight years of age, under *Reuter, Maitre de Chapelle* of St. Stephen's, the Cathedral Church of Vienna; and afterwards under the patronage of *Corner*, the Venetian Ambassador, is very encouraging to genius in a low estate. His astonishing application at that early period is almost incredible.

“In his low fortune, we find no un-

merited advancement, nothing effected by the patronage of the rich. It was because the people of Germany are fond of music, that the father of Haydn taught it to his son; that his cousin Frank instructed him still farther; and that, at length, he was chosen by the *Maitre de Chapelle* of the first church in the Empire. These were natural consequences of the habits of the country relative to the art which we admire.

"Haydn has told me, that dating from this period, he did not recollect to have passed a single day without practising sixteen hours, and sometimes eighteen. It should be observed, that he was always his own master, and that at St. Stephen's, the children of the choir were only obliged to practise two hours. We conversed together respecting the cause of this astonishing application. He told me, that, from his most tender age, music had given him unusual pleasure. At any time he would rather listen to any instrument whatever, than run about with his little companions. When at play with them in the square, near St. Stephen's, as soon as he heard the organ he quickly left them and went into the church. Arrived at the age of composition, the habit of application was already acquired: besides, the composer of music has advantages over other artists; his productions are finished as soon as imagined."

The author's anecdotes are entertaining, and evince a considerable acquaintance with the world. The following occurs in his third letter.

"I have also seen, at the great concerts which are given at Vienna, at certain periods, some of those amateurs, who only want the faculty of feeling, dexterously place themselves in a situation where they could see Haydn, and regulate, by his smile, the ecstatic applauses by which they testified to their neighbours the extent of their rapture. Ridiculous exhibitions!

"These people are so far from feeling what is fine in the arts, that they never even suspect that there is a modesty belongs to sensibility.

"This is a little piece of truth, which our sentimental ladies will doubtless feel obliged to me for having taught them.

I will add an anecdote which may serve both as a model in the art of ecstasies, and as an excuse, if any frozen fellow should think proper to be ironical, and indulge in ill-timed pleasantry.

"The Artaxerxes of Metastasio was performed in one of the first theatres of Rome, with the music of Bertoni; the inimitable Pacchiarotti,\* if I am not mistaken, executed the part of Arbaces. During the third representation, at the famous judgment-scene, in which the author had placed a short symphony after the words

*Eppur sono innocente!*

the beauty of the situation, the music, the expression of the singer, had so enraptured the musicians, that Pacchiarotti perceived, that after he had uttered these words, the orchestra did not proceed.

"Displeased, he turned angrily to the leader—"What are you about?"—The leader, as if waked from a trance, sobbed out with great simplicity, "we are crying." In fact not one of the performers had thought of the passage, and all had their eyes filled with tears, fixed on the singer.

"I saw, at Brescia, in 1790, a man, of all Italy perhaps the most affected by music: he passed his life in hearing it; when it pleased him, he slipped off his shoes without being aware of it; and if the pathetic was carried to its height, he was accustomed to throw them over his head upon the spectators."

Haydn's patient efforts to acquire the instructions of Porpora, were strongly characteristic.

"A noble Venetian, named Corner, at that time resided at Vienna, as ambassador from the republic. He had a mistress, passionately fond of music, who had harboured old Porpora† in the hotel of the embassy. Haydn found means to get introduced into the family, purely on account of his love of music.‡ He was approved of; and his excellency took him, with his mistress, and Porpora, to the baths of Manensdorff, which were the fashionable resort at that time. Our

\* Pacchiarotti, born near Rome, in 1750, excelled in the pathetic---I believe he is still living in retirement at Padua.

† Born at Naples in 1685

‡ En sa qualite de melomane.



young man, who cared for nobody but the old Neapolitan, employed all sorts of devices to get into his good graces, and to obtain his harmonic favours. Every day he rose early, beat the old man's coat, cleaned his shoes, and disposed, in the best order, the antique perriwig for the old fellow, who was sour beyond all that can be imagined. He obtained at first nothing but the courteous salutation of "fool," or "blockhead," when he entered his room in a morning. But the bear seeing himself served gratuitously, and observing at the same time, the rare qualities of his voluntary lackey, suffered himself occasionally to soften, and gave him some good advice.

"Haydn was favoured with it more especially, whenever he had to accompany the fair Wilhelmina, in singing some of the airs of Porpora, which were filled with basses difficult to understand.

"Joseph learned in this house to sing in the best Italian taste. The ambassador, astonished at the progress of this poor young man, gave him, when he returned to the city, a monthly pension of six sequins,\* and admitted him to the table of his secretaries. This generosity rendered Haydn independent. He was able to purchase a black suit. Thus attired he went at day break to take the part of first violin at the Church of the fathers of the order of mercy; from thence he repaired to the Chapel of Count Haugwitz, where he played the organ; at a later hour, he sung the tenor part at St. Stephen's. Lastly, after having been on foot the whole day, he passed a part of the night at the harpsichord. Thus forming himself by the precepts of all the musical men with whom he could scrape an acquaintance, seizing every opportunity of hearing music that was reputed good, and having no fixed master, he began to form his own conceptions of what was fine in music, and prepared himself, without being aware, to form, one day a style entirely his own."

The loss of his employment among the *Soprani* at St. Stephen's Church, shews him off in a striking point of view.

"Being a little mischievous like all lively young people, he one day took it into his head to cut off the skirts of

one of his comrade's gowns, a crime which was deemed unpardonable. He had sung at St. Stephen's eleven years; and, on the day of his expulsion, his only fortune consisted in his rising talent, a poor resource when it is unknown. He, nevertheless, had an admirer. Obligated to seek for a lodging, chance threw in his way a peruke-maker named Keller, who had often admired, at the cathedral, the beauty of his voice; and who, in consequence, offered him an asylum. Keller received him as a son, sharing with him his humble fare, and charging his wife with the care of his clothing.

"Haydn, freed from all worldly cares, and established in the obscure dwelling of the peruke-maker, was able to pursue his studies without interruption, and to make rapid progress.

"His residence here had, however, a fatal influence on his future life. Keller had two daughters; his wife and he soon began to think of marrying one of them to the young musician, and spoke to him on the subject. Absorbed in his own meditations, and thinking nothing about love, he made no objection to the match. He kept his word, in the sequel, with that honour which was the basis of his character, and this union was any thing rather than happy."

It is by no means our intention to dwell upon the errors of the dead, but the mode in which *M. Bombet* has represented the conduct of Haydn to his wife, deserves some notice. The preceding extract shows, that when he was expelled from the *Soprani* in St. Stephen's Church at Vienna, in his poor and friendless situation, her father—"Keller received him as a son, sharing with him his humble fare and charging his wife with his clothing." This poor but worthy man had two daughters; according to *M. Bombet's* account, Haydn married one of them *out of gratitude*.

"It may be proper to say a few words respecting an event, which, for a long time, disturbed the tranquillity of his life. He did not forget, as soon as he had the means of subsistence, the promise he had formerly made to his friend Keller, the peruke-maker; he married his daughter Ann. He found he had got a prude, who, besides her troublesome virtue,

\* About £3 sterling.

had a *mania for priests and monks*. Our poor composer's house was continually filled with them.

"The disturbance of a noisy conversation, prevented him from pursuing his studies : and further, *in order to escape certain lectures from his wife, he was under the necessity of supplying the convents of each of these good fathers gratis with masses and motets.*

"To be teased into troublesome jobs, by perpetual bickerings, is a situation of all others, the most irksome to men, whose productions depend on the suggestions of their own minds.

"Poor Haydn sought consolation in the society of *Mademoiselle Boselli, a lovely singer attached to the service of his Prince, and this step did not tend to augment his tranquillity at home. At length he separated from his wife, to whom he behaved as far as regards pecuniary matters, with perfect honour.*

"You see, from this account, my friend, that Haydn's youth was on the whole tranquil, and unmarked by any great aberrations. It exhibits a man of sense proceeding steadily to his object."

The inconsistencies and contradictions in the above statement, can only be accounted for by the writer's wish to palliate the conduct of his friend. It is evident even from his own showing, that Haydn had married a virtuous girl, the daughter of a person in very humble life, who, when he was friendless, and destitute, had afforded him an asylum, and entertained him, as a son, upwards of a year, in his house. M. B. gives two very opposite characters of him, to reconcile us to circumstances. In stating his expulsion from his office in the Cathedral of Vienna, in which he had been employed *eleven years*; he describes Haydn as "*being a little mischievous, like all lively young men.*" The disproportion between the alleged offence and the punishment is a point on which the world will form its own judgment. It is difficult to suppose that the superiors of the church, for a trivial freak, would have expelled and cast a young man of regular habits, friendless and destitute upon the world, after he had been eleven years in their service. When an inmate of Keller's, meeting his daughter at table,

and continually in her society, there could be nothing very strange in the circumstance of a poor young man, the son of a cartwright and cook-maid, having fallen in love with a young woman, the daughter of a peruke-maker, to whom he was indebted for so many obligations. On the contrary, there is something very surprising in M. B.'s description of his friend, as being at this time *cold and insensible, "thinking nothing of love."*

In his situation, a young man of even ordinary feelings, would have found it difficult to have preserved his affections disengaged. Young men of a lively and mischievous disposition, who have a genius for music, are, at nineteen, more susceptible than others. M. B. evidently seeks, after having represented him "*a little mischievous, like all lively young men,*" to make his readers believe, that he was altogether abstracted, a *mild and passive instrument, wholly indifferent* in the affair of his marriage.

It is easy to see that all this is designed to palliate his conduct as a husband.

Unluckily, M. B. forgot the "*the thinking nothing about love,*" and introduced Haydn as a young *Inamorato, paying his addresses as a nightly Serenader in the streets of Vienna, at that very period.*

"The Theatre of Carinthia was at that time directed by *Bernardone Curtz, a celebrated buffoon, who amused the public with his puns. Bernardone drew crowds to his theatre by his originality, and by good opera-buffas. He had, moreover, a handsome wife; and this was an additional reason for our nocturnal adventurers to go and perform their serenades under the barlequin's window.*" As we must suppose that M. B. had the account of the serenades to the *handsome wife of Curtz, from Haydn himself; this proof of his "thinking nothing about love," while under Keller's roof and at the time of his intimate society with his daughter, whom he afterwards married, is quite sufficient.* We are struck by some other inconsistencies in M. B.'s account, which have not strengthened our reliance upon the correctness of the narrative part of his work. For the first time, we find the modesty and virtue of a wife assigned as one of the faults, which caused her hus-



band to desert her!—"He found he had got a *prude*, who besides her *troublesome virtue*, had a *mania* for priests and monks." The beginning of this sentence is not calculated to give an English reader any very favorable opinion of either M. Bombet or Haydn. The husband, who could take a dislike to his wife for her "*troublesome virtue*," cannot be considered a very safe authority in a history of his conjugal differences. But we are given to understand that Mrs. Haydn was of a religious turn, and had a *mania* for priests and monks. This, however, in a Catholic country, could not be very disagreeable to a husband, who, we are told by M. B. was "*very religious himself*." M. B. also gravely mentions curtain lectures and masses composed *gratis* for his wife's visitors. But the same writer tells us that "the Germans are possessed with the *mania* of marriage." This honest Frenchman who deemed marriage a madness, might well deem *virtue troublesome* in a wife; and her *religious turn*, a *mania* also. We know that her father had clothed, fed, and afforded Haydn a share of his house *gratis* for more than a year. But in a list of the masses composed by Haydn, between the age of 18 and 73, a term of fifty-five years, we find only eighteen masses, set down by himself; and as a mass cost him more than two months' labour, and as he deserted his wife for *Mademoiselle Boselli*, so very soon after his marriage, he could not have composed many masses *gratis* for the priests and monks, her friends, during that short period. It is also very remarkable that, although these gratuitous masses are so anxiously set forward in the plural number, in his defence, not one of them are pointed out in Haydn's list of his compositions either by him or his vindicator. M. B. is a man of the world, a writer of a light agreeable fancy, and of *very convenient* principles, but an injudicious advocate. If he had prudently mentioned the separation of Haydn from his wife without any comment, we would have passed it in silence. But his flippant defence is an insult to society, to which we have felt ourselves bound to reply. Haydn, from his long residence with *Anne Kel-*

*ler*, in the house of her father, had a full opportunity of knowing her religious disposition before marriage. He married her, in our English phrase, "*for better for worse*." If every husband, who chooses to plead *curtain lectures*, is justifiable in turning his wife out of doors upon a pecuniary allowance, what is to become of society? M. B. will have us to believe that the subject of his work was a mild and quiet husband, who wanted *courage* to refuse his masses *gratis* to his wife's friends. Yet this husband *had courage* to wound the heart of her father, the benefactor who had afforded him an asylum when he was cast upon the world, by putting her away like an upper servant, and casting her upon the world, with all the misery and disgrace of a deserted wife. He *had courage*, although "*very religious all his life*," in defiance of the priests and public opinion, to live openly in a state of criminal commerce with "*a lovely singer*," in whose seduction he had sought consolation for the curtain lectures of his wife!—We insert the translator's sensible note without any other comment.

"However the circumstances here related may be admitted in palliation of Haydn's conduct in this instance, the laxity of manners, which so generally prevails among musical men, is, with stricter moralists, a serious objection against the art itself and unquestionably operates to degrade its professors in the estimation of the public."

The French Writer, in his efforts to disguise the facts, forgot to reconcile the different parts of his narrative to each other. We find the following passages: "During all his life, Haydn was very religious. Without assuming the preacher, it may be said, that his talent was increased by his sincere faith in the truths of religion. At the commencement of all his scores, the following words are inscribed:

*In nomine Domini,*

or *Soli Deo Gloria,*

and at the conclusion of all of them is written, *Laus Deo.*

When, in composing, he felt the ardour of his imagination decline, or was stopped by some insurmountable difficulty,

he rose from his piano-forte, and began to run over his rosary. He said, that he never found this method fail. 'When I was employed upon the Creation,' said he, 'I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that, before I sat down to the piano-forte, I prayed to God with earnestness, that he would enable me to praise him worthily.'

This account of Haydn's religious habits and his "*rosary*," does not agree very well with his alleged dislike of priests and monks, his desertion of his wife, and living publicly for nearly thirty years with Mademoiselle Boselli, who had been, even by M. Bombet's confession, a cause of unhappiness to Mrs. Haydn before her separation. It is pretty plain, that, in whatever relates to Haydn's character, the reader must think for himself.

M. Bombet gives the following account of Haydn's death in 1809.

"I have often told you, that he was become extremely weak before he entered his seventy-eighth year. It was the last of his life. No sooner did he approach his pianoforte, than the vertigo returned, and his hands quitted the keys to take up the rosary, that last consolation.

"The war broke out between Austria and France. This intelligence roused Haydn, and exhausted the remnant of his strength. He was continually enquiring for news; he went every mo-

ment to his piano, and sang, with the small thread of voice which he yet retained,

'God preserve the Emperor.'

"The French armies advanced with gigantic strides.

"At length, on the night of the 10th of May, having reached Schönbrunn, half a league's distance from Haydn's little garden, they fired, the next morning, fifteen hundred cannon shot, within two yards of his house, upon Vienna, the town which he so much loved. The old man's imagination represented it as given up to fire and sword. Four bombs fell close to his house. His two servants ran to him, full of terror. The old man rousing himself, got up from his easy-chair, and with a dignified air, demanded, 'Why this terror? Know that no disaster can come where Haydn is?' A convulsive shivering prevented him from proceeding, and he was carried to his bed.

"On the 26th of May his strength diminished sensibly. Nevertheless, having caused himself to be carried to his piano, he sung thrice, as loud as he was able,

'God preserve the Emperor.'

It was the song of the swan. While at the piano, he fell into a kind of stupor, and at last, expired on the morning of the 31st, aged seventy-eight years and two months."

## ANECDOTES OF MOZART'S CHILDHOOD.

From the Literary Gazette.

**J**OHAN-CHRYSOSTOM-WOLFGANG-THEOPHILUS Mozart, was born at Salzburg, on the 27th of January, 1756. A few years afterwards his father discontinued giving lessons in the town, and determined to devote all the time which the duties of his office left at his disposal, to the superintendence of the musical education of his two children.

The daughter, who was rather older than Wolfgang, made great proficiency, and shared the public admiration with her brother, in the excursions which she afterwards made with her family. She married, in the sequel, a counsellor of the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, pre-

ferring domestic happiness to the renown of distinguished talent.

Mozart was scarcely three years old, when his father began to give lessons on the harpsichord to his sister, who was then seven. His astonishing disposition for music immediately manifested itself. His delight was to seek for thirds on the piano, and nothing could equal his joy when he had found this harmonious chord.

When he was four years old, his father began to teach him, almost in sport, some minuets and other pieces of music, an occupation which was as agreeable to the master, as to the pupil. Mozart



would learn a minuet in half an hour, and a piece of greater extent in less than twice that time. Immediately after he played them with the greatest clearness, and perfectly in time. In less than a year he made such rapid progress, that, at five years old, he already invented little pieces of music which he played to his father, and which the latter, in order to encourage the rising talent of his son, was at the trouble of writing down. Before the little Mozart acquired a taste for music, he was so fond of all the amusements of his age, which were in any way calculated to interest him, that he sacrificed even his meals to them. On every occasion he manifested a feeling and affectionate heart. He would say ten times in a day to those about him, "Do you love me well?" and whenever in jest they said *No*, the tears would roll down his cheeks. From the moment he became acquainted with music, his relish for the sports and amusements of his age vanished, or to render them pleasing to him, it was necessary to introduce music in them. A friend of his parents often amused himself in playing with him: sometimes they carried the play-things in procession from one room to another; then, the one who had nothing to carry, sung a march, or played it on the violin.

During some months, a fondness for the usual studies of childhood gained such an ascendancy over Wolfgang, that he sacrificed every thing, even music to it. While he was learning arithmetic, the tables, the chairs, and even the walls, were covered with figures which he had chalked upon them. The vivacity of his mind led him to attach himself easily to every new object that was presented to him. Music, however, soon became again the favourite object of his pursuit. He made such rapid advances in it, that his father, notwithstanding he was always with him, and in the way of observing his progress, could not help regarding him as a prodigy. The following anecdote, related by an eye-witness is a proof of this.

His father returning from the church one day with a friend, found his son busy in writing. "What are you doing there, my little fellow?" asked he.

"I am composing a concerto for the harpsichord, and have almost got to the end of the first part."—"Let us see this fine scrawl."—"No, I have not yet finished it." The father, however, took the paper, and shewed his friend a sheet full of notes, which could scarcely be decyphered for the blots of ink. The two friends at first laughed heartily at this heap of scribbling, but after a little time, when the father had looked at it with more attention, his eyes were fastened on the paper; and, at length, overflowed with tears of joy, and wonder, "Look, my friend, said he, with a smile of delight, "every thing is composed according to the rules: it is a pity that the piece cannot be made use of, but it is too difficult: nobody would be able to play it."—"It is a concerto," replied the son, "and must be studied till it can be properly played."—"This is the style in which it ought to be executed." He accordingly began to play, but succeeded only so far as to give them an idea of what he had intended. At that time the young Mozart firmly believed that to play a concerto was about as easy as to work a miracle, and, accordingly, the composition in question was a heap of notes, correctly placed, but presenting so many difficulties, that the most skilful performer would have found it impossible to play it.

The young composer so astonished his father, that the latter conceived the idea of exhibiting him at the different courts of Germany. There is nothing extraordinary in such an idea in that country. As soon, therefore, as Wolfgang had attained his sixth year, the Mozart family, consisting of the father, the mother, the daughter, and Wolfgang, took a journey to Munich. The two children performed before the Elector, and received infinite commendations. This first expedition succeeded in every respect. The young artists, delighted with the reception they had met with, redoubled their application on their return to Salzburg, and acquired a degree of execution on the piano, which no longer required the consideration of their youth, to render it highly remarkable. During the autumn of the year 1762, the whole family repaired to Vienna, and

the children performed before the court. —The Emperor Francis I. said, in jest, on that occasion, to little Wolfgang: "It is not very difficult to play with all one's fingers, but to play with only one, without seeing the keys, would indeed be extraordinary." Without manifesting the least surprise at this strange proposal, the child immediately began to play with a single finger, and with the greatest possible precision and clearness. He afterwards desired them to cover the keys of the pianoforte, and continued to play in the same manner, as if he had long practised it.

From his most tender age, Mozart, animated with the true feeling of his art, was never vain of the compliments paid him by the great. He only performed insignificant trifles when he had to do with people unacquainted with music. He played, on the contrary, with all the fire and attention of which he was capable, when in the presence of connoisseurs; and his father was often obliged to have recourse to artifice, and to make the great men, before whom he was to exhibit, pass for such with him. When Mozart at the age of six years, sat down to play in the presence of the Emperor Francis, he addressed himself to his majesty and asked, "Is not M. Wagenseil here? We must send for him: he understands the thing." The Emperor sent for Wagenseil, and gave up his place to him, by the side of the piano. "Sir," said Mozart, to the composer, "I am going to play one of your concertos; you must not turn over the leaves for me."

Hitherto, Wolfgang had only played on the harpsichord, and the extraordinary skill which he displayed on that instrument, seemed to exclude even the wish that he should apply to any other. But the genius which animated him, far surpassed any hopes that his friends could have dared to entertain: he had not even occasion for lessons.

On his return from Vienna to Salzburg with his parents, he brought with him a small violin, which had been giv-

en him during his residence at the capital, and amused himself with it. A short time afterwards, Wenzl, a skilful violin-player, who had then just begun to compose, came to Mozart, the father, to request his observations on six trios, which he had written during the journey of the former to Vienna. Schachtner, the Archbishop's trumpeter, to whom Mozart was particularly attached, happened to be at the house, and we give the following anecdote in his words:

"The Father," said Schachtner, "played the bass, Wenzl the first violin, and I was to play the second. Mozart requested permission to take this last part; but his father reproved him for this childish demand, observing, that as he had never received any regular lessons on the violin, he could not possibly play it properly. The son replied, that it did not appear to him necessary to receive lessons in order to play the second violin. His father, half angry at this reply, told him to go away, and not interrupt us. Wolfgang was so hurt at this, that he began to cry bitterly. As he was going away with his little violin, I begged that he might be permitted to play with me, and the father, with a good deal of difficulty, consented. Well, said he to Wolfgang, you may play with M. Schachtner, on condition that you play very softly, and do not let yourself be heard: otherwise, I shall send you out directly. We began the trio, little Mozart playing with me, but it was not long before I perceived, with the greatest astonishment, that I was perfectly useless. Without saying any thing, I laid down my violin, and looked at the father, who shed tears of affection at the sight. The child played all the six trios in the same manner. The commendations we gave him made him pretend that he could play the first violin. To humour him, we let him try, and could not forbear laughing on hearing him execute this part, very imperfectly it is true, but still so as never to be set fast."



## VARIETIES : CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

### NEW WORKS.

From the Literary Gazette.

**SELECT PIECES in Verse and Prose by the late JOHN BOWDLER, JUN. Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. in 2 vols.**

**T**HE motto in the title-page, from Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, "A Christian is the highest stile of Man," shows the religious turn of this benevolent writer. He was from his childhood of a serious mild disposition, and these volumes exhibit evidences of his acquirements as a scholar, and his talents as a writer. There is a gentleness and piety in his reflections on the moral and religious duties which are well calculated to recommend the practice of virtue. His journal is amusing and interesting : his letters show the goodness of his heart without disguise, and his poems have many pathetic beauties which will be felt by the reader of sensibility. We have selected the following specimen of his style, and we recommend these volumes to the perusal of youth, with a sincere respect for the memory of the amiable author.

There is much melancholy sweetness in the following poem on the memory of a young lady to whom he had been tenderly attached.

Think not because thy quiet day  
In silent goodness steals away ;  
Think not, because to me alone  
Thy deeds of cheerful love are known,  
That in the grave's dark chamber laid,  
With thee those gentle acts shall fade :  
From the low turf where virtue lies,  
Shall many a bloodless trophy rise,  
Whose everlasting bloom shall shame,  
The laurell'd Conqueror's proudest name,  
For there the hoary sire shall come,  
And lead his babes to kiss thy tomb ;  
Whose manlier steps shall oft repair  
To bless a Parent buried there.  
The youth, whose grateful thought reveres  
The hand that ruled his wayward years ;  
The tender maid, whose throbbing breast  
Thy gentle wisdom soothed to rest ;  
And he, who well thy virtues knew,  
When Fortune fail'd and friends were few ;

2G ATHENEUM. Vol. 2.

All who thy blameless course approved,  
Who felt thy goodness, or who lov'd,  
Shall crowd around thy honour'd shrine,  
And weep, and wish an end like thine.  
And still, as wint'ry suns go down,  
When winds are loud, and tempests frown,  
And blazing hearths a welcome give,  
Thy name in many a tale shall live.  
And still as cheerful May resumes  
Her hawthorn sweets and healthy blooms ;  
By upland bank and mossy lee  
Shall many a heart remember thee.  
But chief shall Fancy love to trace  
Each mental charm, each moral grace ;  
These, these shall live through many a year,  
To truth, to love, to virtue dear ;  
And pour a mild instructive strain,  
When wisdom lifts her voice in vain ;  
Shall youth's unthinking heart assuage,  
And smooth the brow of careful age.

From La Belle Assemblée.

*Selections from the Works of Fuller and South. By the Reverend Arthur Broome.*

Rev. Dr. Thomas Fuller, who was born in the year 1608, was sent very early to Queen's College, where his shining abilities soon found ample means for their display. Taking holy orders at the usual age, he rapidly passed through his degrees, when after being appointed Prebend of Salisbury, at the age of twenty-three, he was created doctor in Divinity. But preferring the activity of the metropolis, he accepted the invitation of the inhabitants of the Savoy to become lecturer of that parish, where he continued till the civil war, and embraced the royal cause ; and though his firm adherence to that cause endangered his life, yet having told some plain truths in a sermon preached before the King, the courtiers were so offended that they reflected on him as a lukewarm royalist.

On the restoration he was appointed chaplain extraordinary ; and died at the age of fifty-three, on August 16th, 1661.

Robert South was born at Hackney, in 1633, and was educated at Westminster under the famous Dr. Busby.

Dr. South was remarkable in his writings for a humourous vein of satire, which he would indulge even in the pulpit ; and preaching a sermon before Charles II. on the vicissitudes of human life, he made the following remark : —“ Who that beheld such a beggarly bankrupt fellow as Cromwell first entering the Parliament-house, with a threadbare coat and greasy hat, perhaps neither of them paid for, could have suspected that in the space of so few years he should by the murder of one King, and the banishment of another, ascend the throne ?”

Charles was thrown by this sally into a fit of laughter, and turning to Lord Rochester he said, “ Your chaplain must be a Bishop, therefore put me in mind of him at the next vacancy.”

Had the good Doctor not earnestly refused a bishopric when offered him, we should have thought he had one in view ; for his remark on Cromwell was rather time-serving.

#### EXTRACTS FROM FULLER.—CHARITY.

“ Charity hath been well expressed by the embleme of a naked child giving honey to a bee without wings : only, I would have one thing added ; namely, holding a whip in the other hand, to drive away the drones.”

#### TOMBS.

“ Tombes are the clothes of the dead : a grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

“ Tombes ought in some sort to be proportioned not to the wealth but deserts of the party interred.

“ There were officers appointed in the Grecian games, who always by public authority did pluck down the statues erected to the victours, if they exceeded the true symmetrie and proportion of their bodies. We need such now-a-days, to order monuments to men's merits, chiefly to reform such depopulating tombes as have no good fellowship with them, but engrosse all the room, leaving neither seats for the living nor graves for the dead. It was a wise and thrifty law which Reutha King of Scotland made, ‘ That noblemen should have so many pillars or long pointed stones set on their sepulchres as they had slain

enemies in the warres.’—If this order were also enlarged to those who in peace had excellently deserved of the church, or commonwealth, it might well be revived.

“ The shortest, plainest, and truest epitaphs are best. I say the shortest : for when a passenger sees a chronicle written on a tombe, he takes it on trust some great man lies there buried, without taking pains to examine who it is. Mr. Cambden in his *Remains*, presents us with examples of great men that had little epitaphs. And when once a witty gentleman was asked what epitaph was fittest to be written on Mr. Cambden's tombe, ‘ Let it be,’ said he,

‘ Cambden's Remains.’

I say also the plainest : for except the sense lie above ground, few will trouble themselves to dig for it. Lastly, it must be true : not as in some monuments, where the red veins in the marble may seem to blush at the falsehoods written on it. He was a witty man who first taught a stone to speak, but he was a wicked man that taught it first to lie.

“ A good memory is the best monument : others are subject to casualty and time ; and we know that the Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders. Let us be carefull to provide rest for our souls, and our bodies will provide rest for themselves.”

#### EXTRACTS FROM SOUTH.—CONSCIENCE.

“ Conscience is the great repository and magazine of all those pleasures that can afford any solid refreshment to the soul. For when this is calm and serene and absolving, then, properly, a man may be said to enjoy all things, and, what is more, himself ; for that he must do before he can enjoy any thing else. But it is only a pious life, led by the rules of a severe religion, that can authorize a man's conscience to speak comfortably to him : it is this that must word the sentence, before the conscience can pronounce it, and then it will do it with majesty and authority. It will not whisper, but proclaim a jubilee to the mind ; it will not drop, but pour in oil upon the wounded heart. And is there any pleasure comparable to that which



springs from hence? The pleasure of conscience is not only greater than all other pleasures, but may also serve instead of them; for they only please and affect the mind *in transitu*, in the pitiful narrow compass of actual fruition: whereas, that of conscience entertains and feeds it a long time after with durable, lasting reflections.

"Naturalists observe, that when the frost seizes upon wine, they are only the slighter and more watery parts of it that are subject to be congealed; but still there is a mighty spirit, which can retreat into itself, and there within its own compass be secure from the freezing impression of the element round about it: and just so it is with the spirit of man; while a good conscience makes it firm and impenetrable, an outward affliction can no more benumb or quell it, than a blast of wind can freeze up the blood in a man's veins, or a little shower of rain soak into his heart, and quench the principle of life itself."

#### SINCERITY.

"The very life and soul of all religion is sincerity; and therefore the 'good ground' in which alone the immortal 'seed of the word' sprang up to perfection, is said to be those that 'received it into an honest heart;' that is, a plain, clear, and well-meaning heart; an heart not doubled, nor cast into the various folds and workings of a dodging shifting hypocrisy; for the truth is, the more spiritual and refined any sin is, the more hardly is the soul cured of it, because the more difficultly convinced; and in all our spiritual maladies, conviction must still begin the cure."

#### PLEASURES OF A VIRTUOUS LIFE.

"The providence of God hath so ordered the course of things, that there is no action, the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty, and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it without loathing and satiety. The same shop and trade that employs a man in his youth, employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and his anvil; he passes the day singing; custom has naturalized his labour to him; his shop is his element; and he cannot, with any enjoyment of himself live out of it. Whereas, no custom can make the painfulness of a

debauch easy or pleasing to a man, since nothing can be pleasant that is unnatural. But now, if God has so interwoven such a pleasure with the works of our ordinary calling, how much superior and more refined must that be that arises from the survey of a pious and well-ordered life!"

From the Literary Gazette.

The Duchess of Devonshire still has her parties at Rome every week. She seems determined to rival her father, the late Earl of Bristol, in her patronage of the fine arts. She is about to publish, at her private expense, a splendid edition of Annibal Caro's celebrated translation of the *Æneid*, with illustrations executed by the first Roman artists, together with a translation of Horace's *Journey to Brundisium*, in the same splendid style of illustration. Her Grace has also undertaken, with the permission of the Government, an excavation in the Roman *Forum*, which promises the most interesting results; and further still, it is understood that she intends giving a commission for some one work to every Roman artist who ranks above mediocrity.

One cannot be surprised, after this, to hear of an author dedicating the first volume of his work to St. Peter, and the second to the Duchess of Devonshire. This has literally occurred.

M. Joanny, the provincial Talma, is now at Nismes. The *Gard Journal* states, that this actor produced so great an effect in *Hamlet*, when he proceeded to stab the King, that frightful screams issued from the boxes, and several of the audience made their escape from the house.

A dispute of precedence between a *Fiacre* and a Nobleman's carriage took place a few days ago in Paris. It may serve to show the difference which time has brought about on French manners. The scene took place in the *Rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin*—"Drive on, coachman," said the Nobleman, thrusting his head out at the carriage window.—"Do not stir an inch," said the person in the *Fiacre*, to the driver of his *equipage*.—"But, Sir," replied the Nobleman, "by what

right do you hinder me from stopping before that house? I have business there."

—My Lord's servants raised their voices: but the *Fiacre* remained immovable—

"Know, Sir," said the Nobleman in a fit of impatience, to the *Citizen of the Fiacre*, "that you are no better than I."

At these words the other disputant exclaimed: "That is enough, Sir:—Coachman, drive on. Let the carriage advance."

The pen of Theology is now brandished by a fair combatant, MARY CORNWALLIS, who is printing four octavo volumes of Observations on the Canonical Scriptures.

The good and loyal Tyroleans have recently opened a subscription for erecting a national monument to Andre Hoffer, the hero of the Tyrol, who was shot at Mantua by order of Bonaparte. The house of Sand-Wirth-Hoffer, which was burnt down, will be rebuilt of hewn stone. A church dedicated to the Saints Victor, Maurice and George, will be erected in the vicinity of this habitation, as well as a convent of Franciscan Friars, who are to perform the religious duties of the place. The sepulchral monument will present the statues of Andre Hoffer, the Duc d'Enghien, Kleber, Palm the Bookseller, Pichegru and Stofflet.

Accounts from Berlin state, that the celebrated A. von Kotzebue arrived at Koningsberg on the 4th of May, and was proceeding to Weimar, whence he is to make reports to the Russian government relative to the state of literature and public opinion in Germany.

The remains of the lamented *M. Henri de Laroche-Jaquin*, were on the 7th of last month removed from the place in which they had been interred, and conveyed to the tomb of his family. The following lines were inscribed over the door of the parochial church in which the cenotaph had been erected:

Les honneurs qu'on rend aux heros  
Sont en hommage à tous les braves.

Prince Esterhazy has lately purchased at Rome *Chevalier Lundi's Venus*,

which is considered by *connoisseurs* to be the very best work of that artist.

#### FOREIGN AFFECTATION.

It has been a frequent and favourite point, with our moralists, to laugh at that species of folly which so often induces people in this country to warble Italian scenes and canzonets, without understanding a word of the language: we are not however, singular in this; for there is a similar custom existing amongst a savage people in the South Seas, who, we are informed by a recent voyager, sing in the language of a neighbouring groupe of islands, which they affect to admire, though very few understand what they sing.

#### BOTANICAL EFFECTS OF CLIMATE.

It is a newly established fact in Natural History, deserving the attention of ornamental Botanists, that a much greater proportion of the various species of the botanical division of nature, is fitted for the endurance of extreme heat than of violent cold. Recent writers have drawn this observation from an accurate survey of vegetation through its distinct gradations from the polar towards the equatorial regions, marking, in each stage, the progressive course. The only exception to the general rule is that of the Lichens, which are to be found in all climates, and alike unassailable by the extremes of each. It is evident from this, that the varieties of indigenous plants, increase in proportion as we approach the equator; for, although in lands nearest to the pole, Spitzbergen and Greenland, the number of species do not exceed 30, yet they increase gradually, thus—Lapland, 534—Iceland, 553—Sweden, 1300—Centre of Europe, 2000—Piedmont, 2800—and 4000 in Jamaica. This is an increasing ratio which cannot be the effect of chance, and is worthy botanical consideration. But it must be remembered that *altitude* produces a greater change than *latitude*; since it has been clearly ascertained that 4 or 5000 yards in elevation in the hottest parts of the globe, produce greater changes in temperature than 5000 miles in distance from the equator.

It is also a curious fact, as ascertained by Humboldt, that in South America,



plants will grow at a height of 1800 yards above that elevation, where on the Alps and Pyrenees vegetation ceases.

fair opportunity of restoring to Greece, upon honourable principles, those blessings which we derive from her patriots and her poets.

#### SHAKSPEARE.

We learn from good authority, that the celebrated Voss, the translator of Homer, Virgil, and other classic authors, has resolved to translate into German the whole of Shakspeare, in conjunction with his two sons; that he has already revised the *Tempest*; and is now employed upon *Hamlet*. This is a very agreeable piece of intelligence to the friends of German literature, since they may justly expect from the pen of so distinguished a poet, a more spirited translation than Germany yet can boast, of the works of our immortal Bard. The translation by the learned Professor Eschenburg of Brunswick, is indeed highly esteemed for its fidelity, but wholly in prose, and besides is deficient in many poetical excellencies. Another translation was begun by the well known M. Schlegel, but only about half finished. This translation is much admired, but the translator seems to have given it up; and engaged as he is in the brilliant societies of Paris, it is not very probable that he will have time to complete his undertaking.

#### EXTENSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

When the Abbot of Westminster patronized the first printing press established in England, an intelligent observer told him, *he was doing that which would ruin his own trade*. With equal justice may we hail the dawn of freedom in the classical regions of Greece, and the other provinces of European Turkey, in the fact that a printing press having been very recently established at Constantinople, with the consent of that government, and, as it is said, at the request of his Holiness the Pope. Under the superintendence of an Italian, several works in that language, and also in Latin and French, have made their appearance; and it may therefore be surmised that a very few years will produce works of more importance than the superstition of the Italian School, or the frivolity of French Essayists. In fact, the sacred cause of useful literature and of real liberty may now be aided by British exertions; and the Ionian Islands give us a

#### LE SAVANT A TABLE.

The French papers announce the publication of a work entitled *Le Savant à Table*. It is not a new treatise on cookery. Skilful professors have already brought that sublime art to such a degree of perfection, that it would be difficult now to suggest any improvement upon it. *Le Savant à Table* is a collection of curious observations and enquiries respecting a custom which has universally prevailed among ancient and modern nations: namely that of eating; and likewise on the differences and modifications which this custom has undergone, owing to the influence of climate and the progress of civilization. No doubt the most amusing and instructive part of this book will be that which treats on the numberless customs which form the charm of our repasts, such as that of drinking healths, which cold etiquette and indolent *bon-ton* would exclude from our banquets. On noticing this practice, which takes its date from the most remote antiquity, the author cannot omit mentioning the pious funds which are raised in Flanders to enable the living to drink to the health of the dead, who are always well pleased that their friends should intoxicate themselves to their honour, as is proved by the following passage from a document which sufficiently attests the superstitious intemperance of former times: *Pletius inde recreantur mortui*.

#### GAS LIGHTS.

It has been a very serious cause of complaint, that the introduction of *Coal Gas* into common use has been extremely prejudicial to the Greenland trade, that nursery which forms our very best and expertest seamen, without producing any apparent benefit for the coal trade, which certainly as a nursery for seamen is next to the Greenland fishery. If therefore the product of the Northern seas could be substituted for coal in the manufacture of gas, at as cheap a rate as from coal, a great natural benefit must ensue; and it is gratifying to hear that experiments which promise the happiest results have been tried by a gentleman at Hull, who has ascertained that the common refuse whale-blubber, hitherto considered useless, will actually afford a most copious supply of gas at an expense much below that of coal gas, and of a nature less noxious and unpleasant.

## POETRY.

From the Literary Gazette.

## LINES

WRITTEN AT FERRARA ON THE IMPRISONMENT OF TASSO, OCTOBER 1, 1816.

**F**ROM fields where lucid Po reflects the  
skies,  
Antique Ferrara's spires and turrets rise ;  
The seat of Mars, the Muses' haunt of yore,  
But sages', wits', and heroes' boast no more.  
Those domes where lavish art with nature vied,  
Unpeopled squares, and silent ways divide.  
Here, where through untrod stones the nettle  
springs,

A lazar-house expands her mournful wings ;  
Where meek-ey'd Charity the wretch befriends  
And through the groaning wards her succour  
lends ;

Within, a court is seen ; and underneath,  
A darksome cell, fit tenement of death.  
Arachne there her scanty prey enthrals  
In film suspended from the dripping walls.  
A den so dark, so cheerless, damp, and low  
Would overwhelm gaunt Cerberus with woe.  
'Twas there a fiend in human form confin'd  
The frame which harbour'd great Torquato's  
mind.

Methinks as here I stand, the bard appears  
Tended by grief, and nourish'd by his tears.  
By day both hands sustain his drooping head ;  
Distemper'd dreams add terror to his bed ;  
His fretted wrists he writhes, his eye-balls roll ;  
Imaginary fiends beset his soul.  
Where's she, who on her knees to loose his  
chains

Might intercede---repuls'd, might soothe his  
pains ?

Base Este, who to cruel bonds decreed  
Him who Aminta sung, and Sion freed,  
When through thy halls with wit and beauty  
gay,

The night was taught to emulate the day,  
Could'st not one moment from thy revels steal,  
And from a dungeon's contrast learn to feel ?  
O wretch ! could seven long years no pity  
move,

Whose child was honour'd by a Tasso's love ?  
His anguish'd soul, his high poetic art,  
Could they not move the stony from thy heart ?  
See Tasso mount on high with laurels crown'd,  
Saints cheer their guest, and seraphs smile  
around ;

Mute are their harps, and the celestial choir  
Steal inspiration from the poet's fire.  
But thou, fell Este, in the gulf below  
Shalt drain the chalice of his earthly woe,  
Nor shall thy tortur'd breast a heav'nly Sion  
know. C. K.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## FAME.

**W**HAT is fame ? an empty bubble  
Floating on a sea of trouble,  
Hard to win, but easy lost,  
Seldom valued at its cost ;  
Sought by all, by few obtain'd,  
Not enjoy'd when it is gain'd ;

Like the echo of the horn,  
Like the dew at early morn,  
Glittering for awhile, and then  
Soon it vanishes again ;  
When the trumpet's sound is o'er,  
Echo answers then no more ;  
Mortals see the empty prize  
Glitt'ring in their eager eyes ;  
Emulation fires the heart,  
Envy prompts with meaner art,  
Pale revenge and angry strife,  
Then creep in t' embitter life ;  
He who thirsts for fame will find  
Little real peace of mind,  
Ever anxious to obtain it,  
Anxious still if he should gain it ;  
'Tis indeed an empty bubble  
Floating on a sea of trouble. R. PRIEST.

From the Monthly Magazine.

## ROUNDELAY,

*Supposed to be written by an Unfortunate Poet.*

**C**OME, dark Oblivion, gently come,  
And all my joys and sorrows hide ;  
And I will bless thee as my home,  
And I will love thee as my bride ;  
And few shall be  
The tears for me,  
When I am laid beneath the tree.

Genius and Goodness will not grieve,  
On one, so worthless, tears bestow ;  
Or supercilious greatness heave  
A sigh to honour one so low ;  
But few must be  
The tears for me,  
When I am laid beneath the tree.

That sun's bright beams bid nations live,  
But all for me unnoticed shine ;  
These breezes peace and pleasure give,  
But peace and pleasure are not mine.  
For few must be,  
The tears for me,  
When I am laid beneath the tree.

Yet welcome, hour of parting breath,  
Come, sure unerring dart---there's room  
For sorrow in the arms of death,  
For disappointment in the tomb ;  
Though few must be  
The tears for me,  
When I am laid beneath the tree.

What tho' the slumbers there be deep,  
Tho' not by kind remembrance blest,  
To slumber is to cease to weep,  
To sleep forgotten, is to rest.  
Oh ! sound shall be,  
The rest for me,  
When I am laid beneath the tree.

Kentish Town.

HENRY NEELE.



From the Gentleman's Magazine.

\* \* The following is an unpublished Poem of CHATTERTON, written by him on the back of the title of Mrs. HAYWOOD's Poems, now in the library of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq.

LET Sappho's name be heard no more,  
Or Dido's fate by Bards be sung,  
When on the billow-beaten shore  
The echo of Æneas rung.

Love, the proud ruler of the breast,  
Proud and impatient of control,  
In ev'ry Novel stands confest,  
Waking to Nature's scene the soul.

Haywood! thy genius was divine,  
The softer passions own'd thy sway!  
Thy easy prose, thy flowing line,  
Accomplishments supreme display.

Pope, son of envy and of fame,  
Penn'd the invidious line in vain;  
To blast thy literary name  
Exceeds the power of human strain.

Ye gay, ye sensible, ye fair.  
To what her genius wrote, attend;  
You'll find engaging morals there  
To help the lover and the friend.

From the European Magazine.

#### LEGEND OF DUNBAR.

By the Author of Hohenelm, Love's Visit, &c.

LORD PATRICK from his home lies far,  
And the death-bird screams over old  
Dunbar;  
His hound has forgotten his native land;  
His warhorse stoops to another hand;  
No traveller treads that lonely way,  
Save the Palmer from Cheviot's mountain grey.  
And that pale musing wand'rer sighs,  
With blighted cheek and hollow eyes,  
As on his pilgrim-staff reposed,  
He leans beside the church-yard bound,  
Gazing on many a mossy mound,  
O'er gentle hearts for ever closed.  
He loves upon that turf to rest,  
Yet there is in his lonely breast  
No relic of love-hallow'd days.  
Such as in sweet remembrance stays,  
Like summer flow'rs that softly breathe,  
Though time has shrunk the rosy wreath.  
The fountain of his joy is dried,  
And the rich channel it supplied  
Is now a chasm dark and deep,  
Where weeds and baleful serpents creep.  
A mourner sits in the roofless aisle  
Of old Dunbar's forsaken pile,  
Where, stretch'd upon his shield of pride,  
A warrior's form lies sanctified.  
With upraised palms, together prest,  
Signing his hope of holy rest.  
"Lady!" the Palmer said, and frown'd,  
"Thy locks are smooth and jet-black yet,  
Thine eyes for lovers' lamps are fit,  
Why sitt'st thou on this lonely mound?"  
On that fair lady's face awhile  
Dwelt such a chill and changeless smile,  
As parts the pale lips of the dead,  
When life, but not its look, is fled.  
"I have seen royal banners bow'd,  
And now the wild fox hides her young  
Where noble Patrick's trophies hung,  
While wine-cups cheer'd his vassal croud.  
He lies forgot--yet there is one

Who would not blame a secret sigh,  
From pomp and mirthful pageants won,  
To grace his long-past obsequy!  
The pages of his bier are gone,  
The banner and the pall are roll'd:  
They gave him here a silent stone,  
And deem'd the tale of mourning told,  
They urge the feast, the dance, the race,  
To wear that printless tale away--  
I only see his vacant place,  
And grieve at even Grief's decay.  
O who would smile on living worth?  
The noblest is remember'd not--  
O who shall welcome Honour's birth,  
When Honour's self lies here forgot!  
But, Palmer, thou hast hoary hair,  
And many a year of brooding care  
Has sunk thy cheek and dimm'd thine eye;  
Tell then if ought beneath the sky  
Is happiness which man may share."  
Lowly the Palmer bent his knee--  
"Thy thoughts are earthly things above;  
Yet happiness on earth may be,  
And ag'd men teach the mystery--  
It has the eye and voice of Love,  
But walks and dwells with Charity.  
Love has a tongue which dare not praise,  
But language in its silence dwells.  
Love has an eye that cannot gaze,  
Yet with a glance its secret tells.  
The lip, the cheek, have magic speech,  
A blush may plead--a smile persuade;  
But hearts are dumb, and none can teach  
The rebel tongue to lend them aid.  
And Charity from mortal sight  
Retires its busy glance to shun:  
She walks in shadow, but has light  
From him whose eye is in the Sun.  
She loves the valley, and her rest  
Is the world-wearied heart's recess;  
And once, when man was Eden's guest,  
He knew, and call'd her happiness."  
Smiling, the Lady stoop'd to fill  
Her maple cup at Deva's rill--  
"Palmer! (she cried) the widow's cruse  
Yields not the spicy purple juice;  
Yet take this draught--a boon so small  
She weeps to give, but gives thee all."  
Softly she smiled, and meekly spoke--  
Why shook the Palmer as he quaff'd  
From hands so fair the gentle draught,  
With lifted eye and loosen'd cloak  
Back from his shining armour thrown?  
The red light of the fading west  
Seem'd on his thrivell'd brow to rest,  
Like glory on a broken throne.  
"Fair Lady, thou hast taught me well  
How happiness on earth may dwell.  
It is when bending by the grave  
Of him who stung my trusting heart,  
And rent away its dearest part,  
I learn to bless, forgive, and save!  
Thou know'st me now! but never yet  
Did hate the cup of peace repay:  
A dagger's hilt would ill befit  
The hand which thus on thine I lay.  
I loved thee when no eye but mine  
Upon thy virgin beauty dwelt:  
I loved thee, for no heart but thine  
A captive's silent sorrows felt.  
Thy husband wrong'd me--I am he  
Whose vengeance laid thy banners low;  
But never to a nobler foe  
Did holy earth give sepulchre.  
They said thy monarch's heart was chill,  
But Lady! look on mine, and learn  
How deep beneath a frozen hill  
A never-dying flame may burn.

Fair Agnes !---Iceland springs are soft ;  
 The sun in polar climes is bright !---  
 And Love's own gentle planet oft  
 Beams fairest in the wintry night.  
 Lady ! yon pale round moon shall wane,  
 Ere with his pilgrim staff again  
 A Palmer at thy gate shall stand ;  
 Then fill the goblet to the brim,  
 The taper and the hearth fire trim,  
 Thy boon may bless a monarch's hand :  
 Turn, mourner, to thy home, and prove  
 Kings vanquish noble foes by love."-----  
 Ere the new moon's silver horn was bow'd,  
 The Lady sat in her castle proud :---  
 High in her hall a goblet shone  
 Of the onyx pale and the purple stone,  
 And its base was a gem so pure and bright,  
 It seem'd an orb of golden light.  
 The heart-worn pilgrim's sorrows sank  
 Whene'er of that precious cup he drank ;  
 But he who would its sweetness prove  
 This legend on its brim may see,  
 If his eye and tongue are true to love,  
 And his heart and hand to Charity. V.  
 January 1817.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

FRAGMENT OF AN UNPUBLISHED  
 POEM.

**F**OR, sure, to quit the object that we love,  
 And absence' pangs perhaps for ever  
 prove ;

To bid a long farewell to all that's dear,  
 Nor stay to dry Affection's hallow'd tear ;  
 To know one's self the cause of woman's grief,  
 And yet refuse to lend the wish'd relief---  
 Or more or less than man's must be that heart  
 Which could consent to act so sad a part,  
 Nor feel the inward pang which love must  
 know,  
 Love, strong in pleasure, stronger still in woe.

There is a time when Hope's delusive ray  
 No more beguiles life's solitary day !  
 When calm Reflection sheds its fainter beam,  
 And wakes the thoughtless sleeper in his  
 dream ;  
 'Tis then the mind reflects on days gone by,  
 And pays the parting tribute of a sigh ;  
 Thinks on those halcyon hours which once  
 have been,  
 Then turns to gaze upon Life's later scene ;  
 Sad though it be, still in this hour of night  
 One joy remains to glad his wearied sight ;  
 One charm exists, and only one below  
 To heighten pleasure and to lessen woe---  
 'Tis woman's smile ! that gilds the cheerless  
 day,  
 'Tis woman's love ! that laughs the storm  
 away !  
 R. D.  
 Sept. 1817.

INTELLIGENCE :  
 LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

**M**R WRIGHT, surgeon, &c. of Bristol, has nearly ready for publication a work on the Human Ear, in which the structure and functions of that organ will be anatomically and physically explained ; the means considered not only of restoring its integrity when vitiated, but of preventing many of the diseases with which it is affected, and some observations on the causes of the alarming increase of the deaf and dumb ; illustrated by descriptive etchings.

Mr. J. TATUM has found, from recent experiments, that vegetables like animals convert the oxygen of the atmosphere into carbonic acid gas ; and that those very gases which are fatal to animals are equally so to vegetables. By observations on the effects of fruits, flowers, new-cut grass, &c. on the atmosphere, he has found that in most cases the whole of the oxygen was converted into carbonic acid gas in a few days.

It is expected that Mr. ABERNETHY will publish his excellent observations on the discoveries of the late celebrated John Hunter in comparative and human anatomy, delivered at the College of Surgeons during his lectures. He has shewn that we are in reality indebted to Hunter for many facts in natural history and the kindred sciences appropriated to themselves by the modern writers on physiology.

Dr. DOBS, of Worcester, announced some time since his intended publication of *The Physician's Practical Companion*, which was to contain the natural and chemical history of every medicine and remedy of distinguished

efficacy, together with a full description of their operations and medical uses. The plan of this undertaking is now considerably extended ; and it will embrace definitions of all the acute and dangerous diseases, both medical and surgical, particularly those which come under the cognizance of the physician, such as the various kinds of fevers, inflammations, &c. ; likewise their symptoms, causes, diagnosis, prognosis, and the most recent and best modes of cure.

A complete Treatise on British Field Sports, comprehending the whole of them, their attendant Customs and Laws, is announced for publication by a Mr. Scott, who describes himself in his Address as an Old and Experienced Sportsman. The work is to appear in Parts.

Sir WM. ADAMS will speedily publish in an 8vo. volume, *A Practical Inquiry into the Causes of the frequent Failure of the Operations of extracting and depressing the Cataract, and the Description of a new and improved series of Operations, by the practice of which most of the causes of failure may be avoided.*

**FAMILY MEDICINES.**---The impropriety of quacking with what are commonly called "Family Medicines," is clearly proved by the circumstance stated by Mr. Everard Brande, of a lady taking two tea-spoonfuls of magnesia every night for two years, until a concreted mass was formed which produced the most acute pains, and could only be removed by the most powerful applications.



